

THE LONDON REVIEW

OF
Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 339.—VOL. XIII.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1866.

[PRICE 4d.
Stamped, 6d.]

The Past Year.
Count Bismarck on Prussian Policy.
The French Budget.
The Crisis in Austria.
Mr. James Stephens.
Professor Oakeley on Music.
Responsible Authorship.
Manuscript Sermons.
Nautical Novels.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.
OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.
FINE ARTS:—
Music.
The London Theatres.
SCIENCE.
MONEY AND COMMERCE:—
The Money Market.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—
Hans Holbein.
Familiar Lectures on Scientific Sub-
jects.
Christmas Gift-Books.
The Gay Science.
More Children's Books.
Folk Lore of the Northern Counties.

Dr. Goulburn on the Two Deacons.
New Novels.
The Principles of Banking.
Short Notices.
Literary Gossip.
List of New Publications for the
Week.

THE PAST YEAR.

THE past year has in many respects been one of a memorable character. Both at home and abroad events have taken place which will leave their mark upon history; and England and Europe will hereafter have to trace to 1866 political movements and territorial combinations of vast importance and large result. The opening of the Parliamentary session in England found the new Ministry in presence of a combined and excited body of agricultural members. Distinctions of party were for a time forgotten under the influence of a two-fold determination to have the cattle plague "stamped out," and to make the country pay for the losses of the farmers. Until these objects had been attained, the Government found it impossible to deal with any other topics, and the introduction of a Reform Bill was postponed while the House of Commons night after night wrangled over the details of a Cattle Plague Prevention Bill, which the House of Lords subsequently destroyed by a wholesale process of evisceration. The time thus consumed was not however entirely lost. If the consideration of Reform was deferred, fresh proof of its necessity was accumulated. The intensely class character of the existing Legislature was never more completely, and never more disagreeably, demonstrated than during those agricultural debates. The House of Commons, which was but thinly attended by languid members when subjects vitally affecting the well-being of the labouring classes—such as the destruction of small dwellings or the law of master and servant—were under discussion, was crowded each evening by eager and excited senators when the matter in hand was one which affected, through the solvency of the farmers, the rent of the landlords. Mr. Mill and others were heard with marked impatience when they ventured to contend that it was for the farmers to provide, by some sort of mutual assurance amongst themselves, for losses which were far less in amount than those borne uncomplainingly by the operatives and manufacturers of Lancashire during the cotton famine; and every proposition was scouted which did not proceed on the basis of a national indemnification of the favoured interest against disasters which, although severe, were by no means overwhelming. It was thus rendered abundantly clear that when the territorial party could be united it had lost none of its ascendancy in the House; and that so far from there being any danger of its undergoing that "swamping" of which we have heard so much, it was highly desirable that its influence should be counterbalanced by a more effective representation of other classes in the State. Such a representation the Government attempted to provide by their Reform Bill, which was introduced by Mr. Gladstone in a speech of great ability and of remarkable moderation. But neither the moderation of his speech nor the moderation of his measure could reconcile the House of Commons to a course of legislation against which party apprehensions and social prejudices were ranged in hostile array. The tactics which proved so effectual in 1860 were again resorted to. Every resource of Parliamentary strategy by which the progress of the Bill could be retarded or prevented was unscrupulously resorted to. The Government was not even allowed to take a division on the second reading, until many nights had been consumed in a discussion which traversed the whole subject, but in which the point nominally in dispute was merely the expediency of dealing separately with the two branches of the

question—the extension of the franchise and the redistribution of seats. It was a debate undoubtedly illustrated by many remarkable efforts of Parliamentary oratory. On both sides of the House several speeches were delivered which either made new or confirmed old reputations. Mr. Mill, who had already distinguished himself during the discussions on the Cattle Plague Bill, proved in the most decisive manner that he could argue in the House of Commons as clearly and as powerfully as in his books. Sir Bulwer Lytton was never more ingenious in argument, more felicitous in illustration and allusion, more playful or more pointed in wit, than in the elaborate and ornate address by which he delighted the House. Mr. Bright succeeded in fixing upon the knot of timid or treacherous "Liberals" by whom the Bill was opposed a name which they have never lost, and by which they will always be known in Parliamentary history. But, by common consent, the supreme honours of the debate were divided between Mr. Lowe and Mr. Gladstone. If the former surpassed even his previous efforts by the subtlety of his reasoning, the force and clearness of his style, and the pungency of his sarcasm, the latter was also fully equal to the occasion. The reply by which Mr. Gladstone closed the discussion on Lord Grosvenor's amendment will be long recollected, by those who listened to it far into a spring morning, as the most powerful and eloquent address which has for many years been delivered in the House of Commons. In spite of the combination between a portion of their own aristocratic supporters with the regular Opposition, the Government were victorious by a small majority. Their victory was, however, rather nominal than real, for the discussion had revealed the fact that even amongst the Liberal members there was but little earnestness or heartiness in the cause of Reform. The Government was, however, determined that nothing should be wanting on their part. Whatever doubts may be entertained as to the sincerity of others, no suspicion can rest on theirs. The bill for the redistribution of seats, which they produced after the vote on Earl Grosvenor's amendment, was not, however, a well or a maturely considered measure, and it may be readily admitted that it was in some respects open to criticism. If it had ever been regularly considered, it would probably have received considerable amendment; but the opportunity for this never arose. After a series of manoeuvres, upon which we cannot now dwell, but which will doubtless be fresh in the recollection of our readers, the Government measure received its *coup de grace* by an amendment—moved from the Liberal benches—substituting rating for rental as the borough franchise. That amendment might not in itself have been fatal to the bill, but her Majesty's Ministers had a proper regard to the spirit in which it was moved and to the tactics of which it formed part. They had placed before the House of Commons a bill far more limited in its scope than any of those by which it had been preceded,—they had obtained the frank and hearty acceptance by the working classes and the popular party of a measure which would at most have added 200,000 to the electors of the United Kingdom,—but they had found no disposition on the part of the Legislature to assent to a compromise of so moderate a character. They therefore determined to throw the responsibility of defeating any extension of the suffrage upon those to whom it properly belonged; and to set their own characters as sincere Reformers right with the nation. By their resignation, they showed that they at any

rate did not intend the subject to be trifled with; nor can there be any doubt that this manly and honourable course has had a material effect upon the present *status* of the question. A still greater effect has, however, been produced by the manner in which the working classes have, during the autumn, replied to the often repeated allegation that they are indifferent to the franchise. We have not hesitated to express our disapprobation of many proceedings of the Reform League, and of much of the language held at their meetings by Mr. Bright and other speakers; but there can be no doubt as to the beneficial effect of the agitation, which has extended over all the important towns in England and Scotland. It has at last dispelled the notion that Reform can be shelved; and if current and generally-accredited rumours may be believed, Lord Derby and his colleagues are at this moment incubating a measure much larger than that of Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone. Whether it will be so, is, however, a matter on which every one must form an opinion for himself. Our previous experience of Mr. Disraeli is not favourable; and we know that even if his intentions are of the fairest kind, he will find it difficult to overcome the obstinate Toryism of colleagues like General Peel and Lord Cranborne. There is, indeed, one adverse influence with which he might have had, but with which he has not, to contend in the Cabinet. In spite of all the blandishments both of the Conservative leaders and of the Conservative press, Mr. Lowe and the other "Adullamites" refused to enter the Government. Their motives for taking that course were undoubtedly of a highly honourable kind; but, nevertheless, the Earl of Derby had some reason to complain of their refusal to lend him any assistance in the position into which their opposition to Reform was mainly instrumental in forcing him.

In reviewing the domestic events of the year, it is impossible wholly to pass by the movements of the Fenian conspirators in Ireland and in Canada. We need not, however, dwell upon them; for there is every reason to believe that our danger from this source has been considerably exaggerated, and that it has been completely averted, at all events for the present, by the timely precautions and vigorous measures of the Government.

If we turn to the Continent of Europe, our attention is at once fixed upon the war which has humbled Austria, aggrandised Prussia, and emancipated Venetia. Carefully prepared for and skilfully planned, it exhibited in the most striking manner the political and strategic ability both of the Prussian statesmen and the Prussian generals. By what arts and promises Count Bismarck lulled the suspicions or kept alive the hopes of the Emperor Napoleon until the moment was past for any effective interference on his part, we may never know; but nothing could be more adroit than the manner in which Austria was gradually placed in the wrong in reference to the Danish duchies (which supplied the nominal cause of quarrel), and was at last provoked into declaring war while still only half prepared for the conflict. When the struggle commenced, almost everything, indeed, appeared to be in her favour. It is true that she was encumbered by the possession of Venetia, which entailed the necessity of encountering Italy as well as Prussia. But, on the other hand, she had an army which all military men agreed in considering far superior to the raw levies of her adversary; and she had on her side the Princes, and in some instances even the people, of the other German States. We need not now relate how completely she was defeated; how she was forced by the Peace of Nikolsburg to renounce any further interference in the affairs of Germany; and how Prussia, augmented by Hanover and Hesse-Cassel, has become the head and centre of a great North German Confederation, which is even now able to hold its own against any other European Power, and is no doubt destined to still further expansion. Indeed, it is certain that it would even at the present time embrace nearly if not quite the whole of Germany, had it not been for the tardy intervention of France. The German national spirit has, however, been thoroughly aroused by recent events. It is too clear to admit of any argument, that it is only by accepting the leadership of Prussia that the unity so long and ardently desired can be attained; and, under these circumstances, we may be certain that the inevitable end has only been postponed. The immediate result of the triumph of the Prussian arms was a reconciliation between King William and his Parliament. The latter was forced to admit that the measures of army organization which they had vainly resisted had been justified by the result; and they shared too deeply in the enthusiasm of their countrymen to dwell on the disagreeable collisions of the last few years. On the other hand, his Majesty, by frankly admitting that he had violated the Constitution, and by accepting an indemnity, opened the way for an accommodation on the basis of a general oblivion. Count

Bismarck has since taken every occasion to manifest his respect for the Parliament; nor can there be any doubt that it is now his object to rule as far as possible by Constitutional means. He has yet to consolidate his rule in Germany; and he is fully aware that, in order to do this, he must deserve and obtain the support of the Liberal party. There is, therefore, reason to believe that the events of the past year will ultimately turn out as favourable to the liberty as to the strength of Germany. Upon Austria the effect of the war has been crushing. It has still further increased the process of disintegration which was already on foot amongst her heterogeneous nationalities. It has encouraged the Hungarians to persist in demands which are inconsistent with the integrity of the Empire, and which it is impossible for the Cabinet of Vienna to grant without fatally offending the Croats and Slavonians. It has immensely increased the financial embarrassments of the Empire; and it has even shaken the fidelity of Francis Joseph's subjects, who now take no pains to conceal their disgust and aversion for a system of government and administration which has so hopelessly broken down. It is difficult to forecast even the immediate future of Austria; but it is impossible to look forward without some apprehension to the possible break up of a State which has formed a bond of union between the minor nationalities of the east of Europe. We should not, however, overlook the fact that there are better hopes than have previously existed of the future of Roumania and Wallachia. It is possible that under the present Hospodar they may become the centre of a new combination, which may attract to itself more than one detached fragment of the Austrian and Turkish systems. The liberation of Venetia and the evacuation of Rome, by relieving Italy from the presence or the dread of the foreigner, have left her free to pursue the path of domestic improvement. Rome, indeed, still remains a difficulty. But we are glad to think that there is on both sides a disposition to settle by some fair compromise the thorny questions to which this gives rise. The Italian statesmen have tacitly given up the notion of making the Papal city the real, although it may possibly be the ostensible capital of their country; and, on the other hand, his Holiness, by receiving Signor Tonello, has virtually recognised the Government on which he had formerly nothing but excommunication to bestow. He has declared that he will not quit Rome, and as he cannot permanently remain there without coming to some understanding with Italy, it is to be presumed that he has made up his mind to some modification of the *non possumus*. Nothing could be more creditable to the Emperor Napoleon than the honourable and punctual manner in which he fulfilled the convention for the withdrawal of his troops from Rome. This is, perhaps, the only event of the year on which he can be congratulated. He has been overreached by Prussia; he has been compelled by the United States to abandon Mexico; and it is tolerably clear that he will have to give up the new scheme of military organization on which he obviously relied for the restoration of his waning *prestige*. In the mean time he has to contend with failing health, and with an increasing desire on the part of his subjects for the "crowning of the edifice" which he has so long promised and so long deferred.

The downfall of the Mexican empire is the most definite, and perhaps the only accomplished fact of any importance in American politics. The Union has not yet been reconstructed; for the year has been practically wasted in a prolonged conflict between the President and the Congress. The recent elections have conferred undisputed ascendancy upon the latter; and we may therefore anticipate that before long some plan for the government of the Southern States will be laid down and carried into effect. The conduct of Mr. Johnson has produced so much contention in the North, that it is not likely the late Confederate States will obtain terms equally favourable to those embodied in last year's Congressional plan of reconstruction. But they will be well advised to accept, and to make the best of, their fate whatever it be. For they are in no position to contend against a Power by which they have been utterly defeated, and the marvellous abundance and elasticity of whose resources each succeeding year only makes more manifest.

COUNT BISMARCK ON PRUSSIAN POLICY.

THE *Kreuz Zeitung* has just published a series of private letters from Count Bismarck written between the years 1856 and 1864. Although their interest is now purely historical, they bear so closely upon the character and the policy of this statesman, that they are worthy of far more attention than we should ordinarily give to documents of the kind. Although

Count Bismarck entered office as a Conservative, and was usually considered as a member of that party, it is clear that for the last eight or ten years at any rate his objects and principles were very different from theirs. While their leading notion was that of upholding the *status quo* in Germany, and of maintaining above everything else the right divine of sovereigns, his great aim was the unification of Germany, or, at any rate, the aggrandizement of Prussia. He was not a Liberal, because he had not, nor do we believe that he now has, the slightest sympathy with popular rights or the slightest attachment to constitutional government for its own sake. It was necessary for him even to figure as an anti-Liberal for a time, because the Prussian Parliament set themselves against the plan of military organization which he deemed necessary for the successful execution of his ultimate designs; and because it was necessary, in order to his success, that he should keep the direction of foreign affairs in his own hands to an extent which would have been impossible had he permitted the Chambers to exercise the slightest control over them. But in his heart he felt, and in these letters he expresses, the utmost scorn for the petty princes who lorded it over their own subjects, and whose existence doomed Germany to permanent weakness and derision. He saw clearly, and said plainly to his correspondent, that it was absurd for Prussia to set herself up as the champion of the principle of legitimacy all the world over, when it had been discarded by every nation outside Germany. Such a course in his opinion only tended to disable the King and his Government from fulfilling their first duty of securing Prussia against wrongs from within and without. If it were carried out to the full extent, it would entail the necessity of "applauding the hallucinations of the petty princes who, supposing that they are powers, avail themselves of the pedestal of our own might to play at kings." "And yet," as he adds with a characteristic frankness and bluntness of expression, which we should spoil by paraphrasing, "all this swindle is unauthorized by the history of the past, is quite new, unhistorical, and equally opposed to the teachings of God as to the rights of mankind." So long ago as 1861 we find him blaming the conduct of the Conservative party in declaring against the German republic. No party, he reminded them, could be always on the defensive, and he strongly urged that they should then take up the subject of Federal Reform in a vigorous and practical spirit. He was even at that time willing to assent to the creation of a Federal representative assembly, for, as he observed with great point, he could see no reason why the Conservatives should object to such a body as a part of the Government of Germany, although they would be unwilling to dispense with it as a portion of the Prussian Constitution. In point of fact, although he had no love of constitutionalism, he had no fear of it; he was willing to use it or any other means to accomplish his main object; and he saw clearly enough that it was only by invoking the action of the people in some form or other that he could surmount the selfish opposition of minor sovereigns. Upon that conviction he is acting now, as may be seen from the influential place assigned to a representative chosen by a very popular suffrage, in the new North German constitution; and it certainly gives us universal confidence in his sincerity when we find that he held the language we have quoted in a private correspondence which took place more than six years ago. Towards Austria his hostility, and something like contempt, are freely expressed in these letters; and it is also plain from these, that whatever might have been the views of other Prussian statesmen, Count Bismarck never contemplated the erection of Slesvig-Holstein into a separate principality. To him it appeared nothing short of an absurdity that Prussia should incur the risk and the expense of a war for the purpose of adding another to the little States which distracted the councils of Germany, and afforded a constant opening for foreign intervention. He saw, in the agitation to which the subject gave rise, an opportunity for aggrandising his own country; and if he could turn it to account he was quite prepared to avail himself of it. But, as he explained the other day to the Chamber of Deputies, he regarded the Duke of Angustenburg as neither more nor less than an ally of Austria, and was fully determined that he should never ascend the throne to which he aspired until he had acceded to such terms as would virtually render him a vassal of Prussia. Throughout the whole series of transactions which culminated in the Peace of Nikolsburg, it is evident that he looked upon the Duchies as mere pawns in the great game that he was playing, and that in every move he made, he kept steadily before his eyes the great object of building up a strong and independent Germany, from which Austria should be excluded. Looking back upon these events by the light of our present knowledge, it is impossible not to regard with admira-

tion the clearness of reason, the tenacity of purpose, and the ready adaptation of means to ends which he displayed; and while we cannot help condemning many things which he did, we must admit that never was a statesman more entitled to regard a great triumph as in the most emphatic sense his own work.

We regret to find, from the speech to which we have already alluded, and from the debate in the Prussian Chambers on the union of Slesvig-Holstein with Prussia, that there is but little prospect of the cession of Northern Slesvig to Denmark. With his usual frankness, Count Bismarck explained the reason why he consented to insert in the treaty of peace a stipulation that the people of that province should be permitted to decide by a vote whether they would return to Denmark or would continue under Prussian rule. As every one believed at the time, this was done simply in deference to France, as a sort of solace to the Emperor Napoleon, under the heavy mortification which the result of the campaign had entailed upon him, and as a necessary condition of patching up a peace which might secure to Prussia all that she had won, if not all that she desired to attain. To use the words of the Minister—"No one could expect us to carry on two wars at the same time. Peace with Austria had not been concluded; were we to imperil the fruits of our glorious campaign by plunging into hostilities with a new, a second enemy?" No one can question the prudence of the decision; all we desire is that it should be carried out in good faith. That, however, seems more than doubtful; for, although Count Bismarck told the deputies that he was always of opinion that people who have no wish to be Prussians, and who cannot be expected to alter their opinions on this head—people who declare themselves to be nationally connected with a neighbouring State—do not add to the power of the State from which they wish to separate, he went on to point out that the treaty is so vaguely worded as to allow Prussia a certain latitude in carrying it out. Now, it certainly is not calculated to give us much confidence in the honour or honesty of a party to an obligation when we find him taking credit for having drawn it up in such a way as to admit of evasion. Still less when that is followed up by the declaration that "we shall so act that the votes to be given by the people of North Slesvig, the issue of which is to be the basis of our future action, shall be the indubitable expression of the uninfluenced and definitive will of those voting." Can any one who recollects that Slesvig is at present governed by Prussian officials, who exercise the most despotic authority, doubt what this means? The only interpretation we can place upon it is, that the voting is to be put off until the voters have been seduced or coerced into the mood most favourable to the Power at whose mercy they are; that then, but not until then, the farce of a *plebiscite* is to be gone through; and the fraud is thus to be worked as a sanction for the annexation which force has already effected. It is impossible to denounce in too strong terms the infamy of such a transaction; but we cannot say that it takes us by surprise. Throughout the whole of the Slesvig-Holstein business the Germans have shown a grasping, unscrupulous greed of territory, and a perfect insensibility to anything but the promptings of their own ambition, which has quite prepared us for any amount of disregard of good faith, honour, or justice. After all that has occurred, it is nothing more than might be expected, that with the article of the Treaty of Nikolsburg staring them in the face, the Prussian Chamber should vote the union to their own country by a majority of 300 to 30. But although they have postponed, *sine die*, the fulfilment of an engagement solemnly contracted for a no less valid consideration than the acquiescence of France in their German annexations, they will do well to remember the warning of Count Bismarck, that "the Government cannot be released by Parliament from obligations legitimately entered into, and already sanctioned by the House." They may put off the disagreeable day as long as they please; they may even do all that in them lies to shuffle out of their bargain, but after all they must in the end reckon with the Emperor Napoleon. No doubt they think that he will never go to war for so small a matter as this, and we dare say that they are confident in their own power to hold their ground against him even if he did. But for all that, it is imprudent, to say the least of it, to leave a possible *casus belli* open between themselves and the ruler of France. It is all very well for Count Bismarck to argue at Berlin that France has rather gained than lost by the increase of Prussia and the exclusion of Austria from Germany. But he must be quite aware that that is not the way in which the subject is regarded either by the French people or by their Sovereign. Both feel sorely the loss of weight and influence which they have sustained by changes which close Germany against their intrigues, and render infinitely difficult the acquisition of the

Rhine frontier. The Emperor cannot be insensible to the loss of *prestige* he has incurred by allowing this to take place, after he had expressly declared that nothing of the sort must happen without France receiving a territorial compensation. Under these circumstances, it is in the highest degree foolish to add insult to injury, by shamelessly violating a pledge like that in respect to North Slesvig. Although it is impossible to say how or when such outrage may be resented, it will assuredly not be forgotten, and will most likely in the end, if not just now, entail a just punishment. Moreover, even in this hour of their pride and their legitimate self-confidence, the Germans would do well to remember that the public opinion of Europe has not wholly lost its influence and power. To a nation, however strong, character is of some value; and it is scarcely worth while to forget the respect and to excite the disgust of other countries for the sake of acquiring, by flagrant fraud, a few additional square miles of territory inhabited by an alien population.

THE FRENCH BUDGET.

THE finance of France has always been somewhat mysterious; but the strong dramatic faculty of Frenchmen has generally known how to make mystery seem mastery. A French Chancellor of the Exchequer who was no conjuror would be unfit for his place. Although we English enjoy a repute for practical financial management, there is quite as strong an appreciation of monetary necessities across the Channel as here. Many a spendthrift fancies he hates the sight of money when what he really loathes is its absence. While professing to detest the sordid dross by which frugal and enterprising men seem to him to be enthralled, he is probably expending and, therefore, virtually acquiring unscrupulously, if not greedily, far larger resources than are compassed by the hopes of the money-lovers he scorns. And the French nation have probably as little respect for the prosaic finance of rich England as a spendthrift has for the humdrum practice of making both ends meet. An English Chancellor of the Exchequer, however brilliant, is only a sort of clever cashier to a steady-going, old-fashioned firm well content with small profits and disdaining to discount heavily doubtful prospects of enrichment. The French Minister of Finance rather resembles the modern financier, who is bound, above all things, to make a good show, who never admits that he is paying dividend out of capital, and invariably accompanies his confessions of deficiency with prophecies of surplus. Add to these characteristics those of a taciturn confidant of Bonapartist policy—a Minister whose sanction must be gained before any great expenditure can be incurred in the operations of a policy which he judges without sympathy and checks with but little reserve—and you have before you as much as is publicly known of the official personality of M. Achille Fould. But the probabilities, and indeed the facts, suggest another eminent qualification of this, on the whole, very successful Minister. He is beyond question a master of detailed economy. The accountability of French public servants would probably astonish those who imagine that a vague and shadowy budget is indicative of reckless expenditure, and this peculiarity of M. Fould's administration has a good effect in bringing up the receipts, as well as in keeping down the expenditure. In this and in the real development of French wealth under the Emperor's rule, the French Exchequer has two most fruitful sources of prosperity; and if the new and most unnecessary project for military reorganization were dropped, it might be said that the Second Empire had got rid of its appalling incidental expenses, and had no extraordinary needs in sight. As M. Fould makes no provision for that reorganization (to which he is, no doubt, doggedly opposed), and manifests his usual enjoyment of all peaceable and unmilitary indications, he is enabled to preserve the necessary tone of prosperous jubilation, although he has to confess that the valuelessness of the Mexican Bonds—which are to be "the object of ulterior determinations"—has at a blow destroyed the surplus which, when last he waved his wand, gilded the horizon of the immediate future. Another *minus* quantity is the missing annuity of the Mexican empire. M. Fould puts this down—and it amounts to not less than £375,000—with some amounts, derivable from the national forests and lands, the realization of which is postponed; but we may fairly hope that he does not include it in his observation that "these sums will be carried forward to the Budget of 1867." Of course unexpected—or at least unestimated—costliness has added to the burden of the "auxiliary corps" in Mexico. The damage thus inflicted upon M. Fould's balance sheet amounted to £300,000. Besides all these adverse circumstances, there must also be taken into account the depression caused by the German

war, by the visitation of the cholera, and by the inundations. On these points M. Fould does not make any of those lucid and instructive observations which we should expect after a year of vicissitudes from the eloquent lips of Mr. Gladstone; and, indeed, the results of these drawbacks were not sufficiently serious to prick him into awarding them more than a passing mention. A Finance Minister with a surplus does not trouble himself with the little fishes of the sea of trouble, and though M. Fould puts forth no pretence to a surplus on the whole account of the year's receipts and obligations, he makes the gratifying announcement that the indirect taxes will have raised before the end of this month about two millions sterling more than they were estimated to produce. This is a fact which may be accepted with confidence, and which, as a proof of real prosperity, judged by English standards, amongst the French people, cannot be gainsaid. M. Fould boasts that the surplus has been secured without depressing a single public department, or interrupting the progress of public works; and our honest opinion is, that there are here most creditable and substantial proofs of good management. A collateral and less tangible—but nevertheless justifiable—source of satisfaction is the absence of any monetary crisis in France. It is exceedingly important to the Emperor's Government that its credit should stand high, for the expedient of heavy floating obligations is in France a permanent institution. One of the most unpleasant sentences of M. Fould's report has reference to this subject. The Minister says that the years of 1865 and 1866 have added nothing to the previous indebtedness of the Exchequer. "If," he adds, "the floating debt, the amount of which stands at 888,000,000 f. has apparently increased, that arises from the obligatory deposits having accumulated to such an extent that the Treasury now holds 215,000,000 f." He would be a bold man who should say that he fully understood what this declaration imports, or its precise bearing on M. Fould's balance-sheet; but we may all praise his discretion in introducing it with an affectation of natural transition after his gratulatory comments on the happy condition of the French money market throughout 1866.

In preparing the Legislature for his arrangements for 1867, M. Fould reminds them very prominently of the progress of the indirect taxation, which not only exceeds in 1867, by £2,000,000, his estimate of its amount, but has advanced during the eleven months already expired no less than two millions and a quarter sterling beyond the actual receipts of the corresponding period of last year. Thus encouraged, and not forgetting the exceptional prosperity of French trade which is likely to attend the Great Exhibition, M. Fould boldly anticipates in 1867 an increased productiveness of indirect taxes amounting to £3,600,000. Nor is this to be hastily reckoned amongst the gaudy chimeras with which upon occasion M. Fould condescends to the childishness which is never wholly absent from French public opinion. On the contrary, it deserves to be considered attentively, as another proof that whatever else may be retrograding, the world is learning, however unscientifically, to make the most of its resources, and to diffuse the means of enjoying life more widely amongst the community than at any former period. With so bright a prospect before him, M. Fould proposes no new taxes. His revenue is further added to by an increase of £180,000 on the direct taxes, and with these resources and a few minor helps from national property, M. Fould is prepared for all ordinary demands. Amongst other occasions of somewhat increased expense are the advance in the price of provisions, the necessity of supplying new guns and cannons, the return of the Mexican troops, the maintenance of French establishments in the East, the expenses arising out of the inundations, and the opening of the Great Exhibition. In the items of the ordinary budget there is nothing else worthy of remark. The Extraordinary Budget is really very ordinary, for its designation is little better than a trick. M. Fould considers he approaches 1868 under much improved circumstances, and holds out to the Emperor renewed hopes of reducing popular burdens, encouraging public education, and energetically impelling public works. Such is the general purport of M. Fould's finance report. An English observer of French financial administration sees little in it to envy. One of the best observations lately made on popular Governments was to the effect that they can afford to make mistakes; and no one can read M. Fould's yearly elaboration of excuses for the past and vague prosperous prophecies for the future—his narrative of losses which never fail and his anticipations of compensations which never come,—without rejoicing in our better and clearer system, which, partly because we are wealthy, but also because we are under Parliamentary government, can afford to face facts, and never fails within the year to meet the year's demands. But there are two things in which we may imitate French finance with

great advantage. One is the direct and strict accountability of which we have already spoken. It is as impossible for English public officers as for French to compass their personal enrichment out of Government resources, and our principal functionaries are happily superior to the temptations which lead men of their status in France to avail themselves of official information and influence in Bourse speculations and otherwise. But our system undoubtedly permits money to be muddled away in millions, and we shall certainly do well to remember that brilliant and tricky finance is not always more extravagant or reckless than that of nations whose balance-sheets do not disguise or colour the truth. A less prominent excellence of the French system is the direct hold which it retains over national property. In England no one deems national property capable of bringing much income into the State coffers, and yet it is a usual circumstance to find that by little dabbling sales in corners where the official representatives of the State escape control, the interests of the public are damnified for the sake of most insignificant and even imaginary gains. A reform in this matter would be of great practical advantage. Readers of judgment will thank us for not troubling them with any explanations of M. Fould's general balance, which always ranges of necessity over four years' time, and is never of any ascertainable value. He postpones the charges of the new military organization without hinting at the means by which he proposes to meet them. But he says there will be sufficient resources by the time they are wanted, and in the mean time rejoices that he need not either seek a new loan or impose new taxes. Any review of a budget emanating from the French Finance Minister might fairly terminate as the story of Rasselas begins; for hitherto M. Fould has been pursuing the felicity of equilibrium under conditions which absolutely forbid its attainment. But the end is not yet. Already the substantial increase in the product of indirect taxation gives M. Fould an opportunity of making it clear that, if his finance fails, it is not for want of the means of prospering; and the Emperor will probably be only too glad to use those means as wisely as M. Fould himself could wish. A great distinction must be drawn between the reckless fabrications of a mere adventurer financier and the discreet vagueness of a Minister who does his best to manage well under conditions which hamper him, but of which he must not even confess the existence.

THE CRISIS IN AUSTRIA.

By many Continental writers, Austria is called "Europe in little." The geographical and ethnological, as well as the historico-political circumstances of the empire are certainly sufficiently various and complicated to render that appellation not inappropriate. At all times a difficult task to gain full insight into Austrian affairs, it is at present more than ever the case, owing to a transitional state of things. We trust, however, by laying before our readers a survey of the situation, to enable them to understand the course of political events and to draw sound conclusions as to their import and bearing on the future.

The Diets on this side the Leitha, as well as those of Hungary and Croatia, being now assembled, the views and sentiments as yet pronounced in them afford, at least, data for sound speculation. In one of the smaller Diets, that of Lower Austria, numbering sixty-six members, an address to the Emperor has been carried by forty-four votes against eight dissentients, which is remarkable for sarcastic bitterness of tone and the one-sided character of its requirements. The leading politicians of the German Centralist party, who proposed and carried this address, conveniently ignore—as is the fashion with German theorists—all facts opposed to their views, as well the wants and wishes of the other nationalities of the empire. Notwithstanding the well-known fact that it was the exclusively German policy of Austria—her complicity in the Slesvig-Holstein campaign—which paved the way for the Prussian invasion of Bohemia, and that this unfortunate Imperial policy, so distasteful to the Slavonic and Magyar populations, was approved by the Schmerling Ministry and the German Parliament (Lesser Reichsrath) of Vienna, yet the present advisers of the Crown are held answerable for the disasters of Sadowa and all the evils which have fallen upon the empire. Dissatisfaction at the suspension of the Lesser Reichsrath has even led certain delegates in the Upper Austrian Diet to make fun of the present straits into which they contributed to bring the State, and to vie with each other in the use of vague invectives and terms of contempt when speaking of Count Belcredi and his associates in the Ministry. In the Diet of Upper Austria, likewise, an address has been

carried by a majority of twenty-six—thirty-four against eight—similar in essence to that of Lower Austria, yet somewhat vague and dualistic in policy, but respectful and temperate in tone. In the Diets of Styria, Salzburg, and other little countries in which the German nationality preponderates—with the exception of Tyrol, which land continues to approve the policy pronounced in the Imperial Manifesto of September, 1865—it appears probable that the speedy resuscitation of the Reichsrath will be demanded as the sole solution of difficulties.

On the other hand, in Galicia, Moravia, Bohemia, and Croatia, much dissatisfaction, indeed disgust, has been expressed, both in the press and in the Diets, at the language and policy of the Viennese politicians. The Diet assembled at Lemberg has, by a majority of 44 (84 Poles against 40 Ruthenes), in a loyal and temperate address, pronounced its devotion to the Federative principle as opposed to the strictly centralizing policy of the Germans, and to the dualistic policy of the Hungarians. The municipal body of the above-named capital, moreover, has lately bestowed the freedom of the city on Count Belcredi in acknowledgment of his support of the autonomy of the country, and of local self-government. In the Diet of Bohemia, likewise, an address to the Throne has just been carried by a majority of 35 (126 against 91), expressing the continuance of devoted loyalty to the Sovereign, grief at the misfortunes which have befallen the empire, and their country in particular, and a desire to uphold the historical rights of the Crown-land, and to see the policy pronounced in the Diploma of 1860, and repeated in the Manifesto of Sept., 1865, speedily carried out, as the only means of promoting the progress, unity, and strength of the empire. A minority in this Chamber, however, expressed similar views to those of the Viennese politicians, and demanded the immediate restoration of the lesser Reichsrath. Altogether the speeches on the Address in the Bohemian Diet, especially those of Count Leo Thun, Drs. Claudi and Zeithammer, have been remarkable for fervour and earnestness, and in favourable contrast to the violent and frivolous tone so prominent in the Diet of Lower Austria. Even the Hungarian press has severely criticised and condemned the language and doings of the Viennese Liberals.

Despite unjust electoral laws greatly favouring the German and smaller portion of the population of Bohemia, yet the last elections to the Diet have fallen out mainly in the Czech interest. The majority of the National party—which includes many Germans—is consequently considerably larger than it was in the last session. In view of the fact, therefore, that the Diets of the two largest Crown-lands, after Hungary, have carried addresses to the Throne expressing satisfaction at the suspension of a central Parliament, till such time as an arrangement with Hungary can be brought about and approved by the other representative bodies of the empire, the Centralist demands of the Diets of Lower and Upper Austria lose much of their importance. The Viennese politicians have long established for themselves a character for vague and monopoly-seeking Liberalism, for frothy declamation, and for the want of broad and statesmanlike views. They are, in fact, not held in high estimation by the bulk of the people in whose name they profess to speak. If only on this account, it is not likely that the policy of the present Government will be much influenced by the votes in the Austrian Diets. What this policy, however, may be, or how far the advent of Beust to power may have introduced new views of the situation, is at present far from clear. Is he the gifted statesman whose political insight Austria so urgently requires? In all parts of the empire this question is being anxiously put.

As regards the Hungarian difficulty, the victory of the party of Déak over that of Tisza (the ultra-Magyar) is to some extent favourable to the Government, which is further strengthened by the proceedings in the Diets of Prague, Lemberg, and Agram. The possibility of compromise is still left open, and the committee of sixty-seven, appointed to draw up the Hungarian stipulations for a combined constitutional treatment of common imperial affairs, continues its labours. But as the absolute continuity of historical rights, including the revolutionary and separatist laws of '48, together with a separate ministry, are still declared by the Hungarians to be indispensable, the prospect in this direction is far from bright. Whatever plans or measures the Government may still have in reserve, must soon be brought to light, for, with enemies on the frontiers eagerly watching the course of events, and ready to take advantage of the general discontent which further protraction of the unsettled state of things will greatly increase, no time is to be lost in pursuing a course adapted to conciliate the different nationalities, and to place the constitutional government of the empire on a firm and lasting basis. However little in accordance it may be with the hereditary policy of

the house of Hapsburg, at present it is on the Slavonic populations of the empire that it is chiefly obliged to rely. It was these Slave populations who seventeen years ago saved the realm from ruin, and a like task seems again to be falling into their hands. Czechs, Poles, Croats, Slavones, &c., with trifling variations in forms of expression, agree as to the nature of their requirements. Briefly stated they are as follows:—Desire to uphold the unity and integrity of the empire; requirement of a combined parliamentary treatment of affairs common and equally important to all the peoples of Austria, to be arrived at, however, by mutual agreement, and without detriment to the individualities of the Crown-lands, their historical rights, their autonomy, and local institutions. They demand, too, constitutional guarantees against an artificial preponderance of any one or more countries of the empire. We must bear in mind that the Slavonic nationalities of Austria number fully 16,000,000 souls, or about half the entire population of the empire. Now that Prussian ambition has accomplished its long-cherished aim of ousting Austria from Germany, the political views of the Slavonic peoples, which are daily gaining in unanimity and definiteness, seem destined ere long to have considerable influence on the future of Austria.

MR. JAMES STEPHENS.

THE Irish Head Centre has found a biographer, and the biography is before us. It takes the form of a letter, addressed by General F. F. Millen, "late President of the Fenian Military Council in Ireland," and "late Acting C.E.I.R.," whatever that may mean, "to the Sincere Members of the Fenian Brotherhood, at Home and Abroad." The subject of the letter is Mr. James Stephens, and the writer says that, as a Fenian of nearly seven years' standing, he has felt it to be his painful duty to lay before the sincere members the reasons which have forced him "to the humiliating conclusion, that James Stephens, the present head of our national organization, is not only no good man, but that he is a political humbug, if not a cheat and a rascal besides." This is the outline of the character which General Millen has undertaken to fill up. The promise is not flattering, but supposing that all his statements are as true as we think them probable, it must be admitted that the outline is not too strongly marked. There is this awkwardness, however, as far as General Millen and the sincere members are concerned, that, if he can prove Stephens to be a knave, there is no help for it but to set them down as fools. General Millen has not hit upon a revelation which has turned up suddenly in his path. "The first time," he says, "that I had information of Stephens having manifested the cloven foot, was after the Fenian Fair in Chicago, some three years and a half ago." Upon that occasion, it is alleged, Mr. Stephens "took very ungentlemanly, unworthy, and unbecoming measures to possess himself of the sum of £1,000, part of the proceeds of the fair, which had been set apart for certain purposes." That was showing the cloven foot, indeed, and was a clear violation of the honour which ought to be observed amongst Fenians as well as thieves. But Mr. Stephens not only took the ungentlemanly measures hinted at, but succeeded in appropriating the sum in question. It is somewhat hard upon him to complain that he never gave any account of what he did with it, for that was only a logical result of his taking it, and must be set down as part and parcel of the original offence. It is more to the purpose when General Millen alleges that Mr. Stephens has never accounted for any of the money he has received, though the American Fenians had sent him 363,000 dollars, but "quietly balanced the books by remarking that he had 'spent it in organizing purposes.'" This must have been excessively provoking to his brother Fenians. The position of a Head Centre must, of course, carry along with it many privileges; but that he should concentrate all the money of the concern into his own pocket, was not, as Mrs. Gamp would express it, "drinking fair."

But his capacity for this sort of concentration and his incapacity for any other, seem to have been the leading features of Mr. James Stephens. He was a rigid disciplinarian when others were concerned. The first time that General Millen had the honour of being introduced to his superior, the latter "was in a most violent and undignified rage against a poor soldier of the 5th regiment of Dragoon Guards, who, being a Fenian, had deserted, contrary to the orders of the boss (Mr. Stephens), in order to save himself from the cruel sentence of an inevitable court-martial." But "the boss" was exceeding loth to make sacrifices in his own person, not an unfrequent antipathy amongst patriots. He had tastes, an eye for the beautiful, a soul which, Republican as it was, did not disdain luxury. He could discern the flavour of good wines, and did

not allow his talent to rust for want of exercise. "Brussels carpeting" had also a place in his affections, and what was the good of his being Head Centre if he could not convert some of the funds of the prospective Irish Republic into "princely furniture"? But the wines and the carpets, the tables, chairs, ottomans, &c., give but a faint idea of the rate at which the Head Centre lived, even though General Millen says that he squandered thousands of dollars upon them. We get a clearer insight into the domestic manners of this stern Republican, when we are told that he spent 100 dollars a day in the indulgence of his horticultural taste! The statement is startling, but it is well known that when he was arrested the police found evidences that the Head Centre had an eye for the beautiful in plants as well as carpets. It is not so well known, that while Mr. James Stephens was thus spending the funds of the Brotherhood "in organizing purposes," there were families whose attachment to the cause on which he was living so luxuriously had brought them to the brink of starvation, and that, when he was told that it would be necessary to make some pecuniary sacrifice to keep them alive, he "was very much annoyed," and "gave, or rather flung, his consent in the face of the party asking for the relief, exclaiming, with supreme contempt, 'Give the dogs a bone.'" Even that, however, is not so bad as his treatment of the men who enabled him to escape from prison. General Millen throws the vulgar glare of daylight on this hitherto mysterious event, and we now know that Stephens got out of prison by the same means by which so many of our legislators get into Parliament. A reward of £600 was voted—"at a time when Fenian funds were low enough, God knows"—to any person or persons who would accomplish his escape. As we know, the service was rendered, but only £50 of the bribe was paid.

We have thus far given some of the reasons which have induced General Millen to call his chief "a cheat and a rascal." His statements carry with them strong antecedent probability, and it is to be hoped that the "sincere members" who have been duped by an impostor will now, at length, open their eyes and see what sort of patriot they have worshipped. But if it is bad to be a cheat and a rascal, it is still worse, in such a position as Mr. Stephens has held, to be stripped of one's toggery and exposed to public gaze as a "humbug." When General Millen treats of this phase of the character he is dissecting, we have no doubt that we are in the hands of a veracious guide. What we know of Mr. Stephens is that when he was arrested, he resigned himself into the hands of his captors with exemplary docility, and that very shortly after his escape he turned up in Paris, went thence to New York, and has not been seen upon British soil since. Beyond this, which is not much, he has done nothing that would lead us to believe that he possesses any higher gifts of intellect than are to be found in hundreds of speculators in this capital who fall within the category of cheats and rascals. We are, therefore, not in the least surprised when General Millen states fact after fact to prove that the Head Centre, as well as being "a cheat and a rascal," is "a political humbug." Whatever his knowledge of wine and horticulture may have been, Mr. Stephens's qualifications to set an army in the field seem to have been equally pitiable, whether we regard them from a strategic or a courageous point of view. He was a humbug, for he knew nothing, and he was a coward because he dared nothing. His ruling passions were a thirst after money, and jealousy of any Fenian who possessed an approach to the knowledge to which he made pretensions, or to the pluck of which he was destitute. In May, 1865, when General Millen was in Ireland, as "the ranking military officer of an organization there," instead of being put in some post by the Head Centre, in which his military experience—for he had fought in the American civil war—could have been utilized, he "was kept in total ignorance for a long time of everything that was passing." When he complained of his inactivity, Stephens gave him "an order to make him 'a drawing of a *corps d'armée* of 50,000 men formed in line of battle, with their ammunition and baggage—every man in his place.'" Another of his schemes for the liberation of Ireland was to establish a cannon factory in Dublin, so that he might have 70 cannon of different calibre. For this purpose he was willing, or said he was willing, to devote £8,000! "Such a man," says General Millen, "must either be a knave or a fool." But fools beget fools, and knaves prey upon them. General Millen himself, while he bears testimony against Stephens, places himself in so doubtful a position, that we are not sure under which of the two categories we should place him. He blames Stephens, in one part of his letter, for not precipitating a rising which in another part, he says, would, unless England became involved in some foreign or domestic difficulty,

be "literally stamped out." Such are the leaders of the Fenian movement! General Millen charges his Head Centre with having excluded "every Irishman of ability and good social standing in Ireland from the brotherhood." But what sort of national movement must Fenianism be when a cheat, a rascal, a humbug, and a poltroon can choke off all those willing to join it who have the (undoubted) disqualification either of intellect or respectability.

PROFESSOR OAKELEY ON MUSIC.

PROFESSOR OAKELEY, the subject of so much unkind and ignorant depreciation, has commenced his career at Edinburgh with an address which may be called, in the old and noble sense of the word, an apology. So far as the science of which he treats is concerned, he speaks to an audience which, if it included all readers of the English language, would be prejudiced unanimously in favour of his cause. But whatever Mr. Oakeley says for music—said as he says it—is also a protest against the illiberal and prejudiced few who, in a spirit of arbitrary dictation and cliquish jealousy, denounced his appointment; and it is a protest the more telling and affecting because it contains no word of self-assertion or complaint; because the Professor's claims are modestly sunk throughout it; because the glory of his art and the charms of his fruitful theme engross the whole of his ingenuously-conceived and spiritedly-executed composition. If music were a passion with all who profess it, this eloquent and original panegyrist of its delights would no longer have an enemy. But to many it is a mere subject for pragmatic historical and critical common-places, the pursuit and recollection of which is about as much like the study of music as an old almanack resembles history, or as bran resembles the full corn in the ear. Your mere collector of specimens and facts is likely to be a dry and gritty kind of man, whether he bags fossils or files sonatas, whether he impales beetles or transfixes prima donnas. But those who are spiritual enough to commune with the soul of music, who feel,—

"There's music in the sighing of a reed,
There's music in the gushing of a rill,
There's music in all things, if men had ears"—

but who feel also that only in music, as developed by the genius of man, can the power and loveliness of sound be fully realized, have more genial sensibilities, and more generous appreciation. They will join us in a hearty tribute of admiration to the man who has put into words, the sincerity of which shines through them, the sense which only a true musician can really enjoy of the delights and capabilities of "the most exact and ethereal of sciences." Professor Oakeley's address is all that an academic oration on music should be, and nothing that it should not be. In an argument towards its close against the notion that a university professor of music ought to be a teacher of acoustics—an argument in which he intimates that he does not hope the university authorities to concur—Professor Oakeley exhibits a fitting sense of the ethereality, the unphysical character of his subject; while, in advocating the establishment of other means of elementary instruction, he proves himself duly conscious of the dignity of his position. But he is not less careful to disavow mere sensuous, unintelligent professional enthusiasm; and whether we regard the elegance of his own writing or the recondite character of the scholarship, which has contributed so much that is valuable and delightful to his exercitation, we are bound to acknowledge that a composition more thoroughly up to the level of university excellence has never been delivered. Apart, therefore, from the pleasure which each lover of music must experience as he dwells upon every passage of Mr. Oakeley's luxurious encomium, there is a real and almost priceless advantage in the status which such an apology secures for music in the cycle of university subjects, if not—and we may hope for even that—in the curriculum of university studies. Mr. Oakeley quotes, with justified enthusiasm, the dictum of the all-knowing Confucius, who said, 2,300 years ago, that to know if a kingdom be well governed, and if the customs of its inhabitants be bad or good, one should examine the musical taste which prevails therein; and he also cites a contemporary authority to the effect that, "Whenever the faculties of men are at their fullest, they must express themselves by art; and that "to say that a State is without such expression, is to say that it is sunk from its proper level of manly nature." It might be plausibly argued on these grounds that at any rate till lately our own country neither was well governed nor had attained the needful height of manly culture; for since the Elizabethan

days, when the common practice of part singing attested the existence of a high degree of musical taste and skill, the development of the art among us has been lamentably weak and imperfect, though our popular enjoyment of its rougher and poorer felicities has always been maintained. And what has been true of the nation has been doubly and trebly true of its most cultivated classes. To this moment there is a feeling that there is an incongruity, if not an incompatibility, between university studies and the university spirit, and the pursuit and cultivation of music. No more striking proof could be afforded of the disposition between the rigour and narrowness of university ideas, and the universality of modern cultivation. Of course, neither music nor any other department of art or science is really alien from the design and principle of a university, but it will need all the energy and catholicity of many cultured reformers to emancipate our universities from the lopsided contraction and distortion which has long destroyed their proportions. It is humiliating to every "well-rounded" mind that the most elevating, softening, refining, and inspiring of the arts, finds access to English universities mainly through the channel of ecclesiastical taste, and with the excuse of certain growing necessities of the clerical profession. Even Professor Oakeley finds it politic to press his divine art, especially upon those students who are preparing for ministerial life; and he had to endure the "mingled cheers and hisses" of an audience divided on a question of worship, when he lauded the utility and beauty of the organ. It is encouraging, however, to know that the noble endowment of the Edinburgh professorship was the gift of a layman, himself an enthusiastic amateur. Nothing was needed to utilize, to the utmost, the academic value and significance of the foundation, but the elegant and zealous propagandism of a professor too thoroughly enamoured of his art to bate a jot of its lofty pretensions, and so thoroughly classical in his views and spirit, as to give music every advantage in obtaining, by his introduction, its legitimate place amidst university pursuits.

A lover of music has much of the Pauline spirit. As the Apostle was glad, by whomsoever or however, the Gospel was preached, so the musical devotee, who really is one, and not a mere pedant, rejoices over the spread of musical taste and enjoyment by whatever means. The many choral societies which have sprung into being of late years have many weaknesses and coarsenesses, but we are glad to find that Professor Oakeley rates them highly as a means of making us a really musical nation. It may be taken for granted that the coarsenesses of humble students of music are an advance in refinement over the coarser characteristics they would exhibit without devotion to this delightful occupation of their leisure, to say nothing of the inspiring and elevating effect of exercises which must surely lead the commonest minds into regions of dreamy, yet intelligent, delight; it is no mean advantage to find thousands of the working classes earnestly engaged in a pursuit essentially, necessarily, and absolutely innocent—a pursuit in which excess is all but impossible, and almost entirely innocuous. The step from the mere natural enjoyment of song to the cultivation of singing as an art is itself an education. Every workman, says Quintilian, even when by himself, has a song, however rude, with which he solaces himself at his labour; but when this half-mechanical act begins to be informed by knowledge and chastened by taste, without diminution, indeed with an increase of sensuous pleasure, the mind is of necessity expanded; each tone of vocal refinement, each touch of articulatory taste, each sensation of harmonic sweetness or of melodic interval, is a proof of culture more certain than the most ambitious diction, the most affected costume, or the most scrupulous manners. Nor is it important that when musical enjoyment becomes conscious and intellectual, a new and pregnant sympathy with nature begins to be experienced. In one of the idylls of Theocritus some goatherd is told that the murmuring of a pine near him is sweet, and that sweetly also he plays upon his pipe; and these words are an allegory of some of the choicest joys of humanity—joys which even amongst the poorest and humblest are expansive at will, elastic enough to suffuse the whole breadth and depth of life with happiness, absorbing enough to banish many troubles, consolatory enough to solace all. How lovely and how true is that stanza in the "Percy Reliques," of which one can neither remember the spelling nor forget the words—

"When griping griefs the heart would wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
There Music, with her silver sound,
With speed is wont to send redress;
Of troubled minds in every sore,
Sweet Music hath a salve in store."

And let us not forget either that devotion to music is the most

contagious of habits, and woos to friendly and improving companionship, those who might either sulk in solitude, or seduce one another into wearisome and palling dissipation. And it is a cheering fact, too, in reference to the cultivation of music by popular choral institutions, that it has brought into play a vast volume of that individual energy which, without seeking distinction, or content with the humblest kind of distinction, has for the last fifty years at least maintained amongst all classes below the highest, every kind of improving influence. What was formerly employed only on the propagation of religious convictions, and the spread of moral amelioration, is now almost as extensively, and as usefully, engaged in indoctrinating all who come under popular influences with the canons, and imparting to them the facilities of musical art.

The generous tribute paid by Mr. Oakeley to these organizations and endeavours, is, however, only a pendant to a noble vindication of the claims of music to the devotion of the highest intellects, and most capable and delicate tastes. There is a kind of humour which will win converts amongst academical men in Mr. Oakeley's ingenious pursuit of the comparison between music and mathematics—at the first blush the most unlikely objects to be likened to each other, but which, under Mr. Oakeley's hand, betray resemblances that might even drive a senior wrangler to the study of thorough-bass. There is a higher dignity in the enforcement by Professor Oakeley of the innate nobility of music and its marvellously elastic sympathy with the whole range of human emotions and circumstances, and with the sense of infinity in which our being is enwrapt. He aptly extols the ethereal loftiness and essential spirituality of his science in the words of Goethe, who saw in music, more than in anything else, the force of art, since it required no subject matter, but only form and power. We must say before we conclude how highly we appreciate the warmth with which Mr. Oakeley insists on the natural character of musical taste and power, although while thus elevating their value as gifts, he magnifies his own office as an imparter of musical impulses and musical science, and the functions of more elementary teachers as producers, even in persons moderately endowed, of profitable and pleasant musical capacity. To those already possessed of a taste for the art, Mr. Oakeley's admonitions to avoid the indolence to which they are prone are as wise as they are faithful, and coming from one so deeply impressed with the natural beauty and piquancy of musical delights, they are entirely free from all tendency to exaggerate into humdrum pedantry a due estimation of industry and science. For our own part we can conceive no work more prolific in advantage to society than that in which Mr. Oakeley is engaged; and we are happy to be confirmed in our conviction, that no fitter man could have been found to occupy a position which is typically identified with the establishment of music as an academic pursuit, and which a man of real genius knows how to use besides for the broader purpose of diffusing throughout society at large a love for music as an art, and the perception that its higher delights can only be enjoyed by means of its classical cultivation.

RESPONSIBLE AUTHORSHIP.

MR. LEWES has taken leave of the editorship of the *Fortnightly Review* with a few words about the personal responsibility incurred by the writers who sign their articles. To this principle of signing, and the perfect freedom which was its result, he attributes the success of the *Fortnightly* in bringing together men so various in opinion and so distinguished in power. Some few, he says, were unwilling to sign, and therefore unwilling to join; "but many and valuable contributions have been secured which would never have been secured except under this condition of isolated responsibility. Had the *Review* done nothing else than give a practical illustration of the perfect feasibility of a plan which literary morality demanded, it would have amply repaid the labour and anxiety of establishing it; and I am expressing the views of many serious minds who look on periodical literature as a great civilizing influence very much in need of vigilant control, especially in the direction of earnestness and responsibility, when I say that the first condition of all writing is sincerity, and that one means of securing sincerity is to insist on personal responsibility." We think there is much truth in these words, but their truth is not unmixed with fallacy, and the inferences Mr. Lewes draws are overstrained if not erroneous. Probably no one ever doubted that an organ might be established on the signing principle, and no one ever denied that some of the rotten boroughs of literature would be purified by an election

committee. The world would be vastly enlightened as to the honesty of some of its informants, if it knew why the books of one publisher are always well reviewed in one paper, and why a certain class of novels represent the whole range of fiction. Wherever there are jobs there is need of exposure, but in some of these cases a mere acquaintance with the names would not help the public. Of course, after a time, the public would become familiar with variations on the "caw me, caw thee" principle, and a widely-circulated paper would shrink from puffing the books of its own contributors. But, as it is, all these secrets are known to the world of letters, which is the world by whose verdict the papers are influenced. If general literary morality was high, there would be just the same safeguard against jobbery in the present notoriety attaching to all literary matters, as there could be in a more extended publicity. What does the judgment of the outside world matter to a paper which is sure to be read? What do the private histories of a paper matter to the outside world, which is sure to read it? If any are concerned in a man's follies and vices, it is his friends and relations. They are more likely to know that he is doing wrong, and it is more their duty to remonstrate. It is hardly likely that the strangers who see him taking an actress to Richmond will be scandalized, even if he holds a fair position in public life or in an honourable profession. The analogy holds good in the literary world. If we are not our own censors, how can we expect the public to look after our morals? If we have no professional etiquette and merely shrug our shoulders at offences for which a barrister would be disbarred, how can we expect the public to legislate for us?

It is true that some men who have called themselves gentlemen, and have been very tenacious of their professional honour in other walks of life while utterly careless of honour among newspapers, have sheltered themselves under the shield of anonymity. But these men do not form the purely literary class, and while publicity would force them to affect some decency, it would not have the same practical effect on them as it would on men of letters. We believe the general adoption of signatures would lead with us, as it has done in France, to the formation of a class of literary men, known as literary men, and not looking beyond the position of literary men. In the present state of public opinion this would be an evil. It must be remembered that some of the professions still look down on literature as incompatible with professional success. The attorneys have not yet condoned the offence of being a literary barrister, and therefore a young barrister would be necessarily cautious of committing himself by a signature. But to the world at large, the number of embryo Chancellors who write in the papers is quite disproportionate to the real number. Men who will know all things because they do know nothing always assign a special author to anything that strikes them. Thus, in a paper which has relations with a party, the most prominent members of the party are constantly made responsible for particular articles. When the *Press* was first started, the squibs of briefless barristers were often attributed to Bulwer. Readers of "Pendennis" will remember the reputed parentage of some of Captain Shandon's articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Lewes himself, in his "Life of Goethe," tells us that in the *Horen*, the periodical started by Goethe and Schiller, articles by the poorest writers were attributed to the greatest. Now, we would ask Mr. Lewes what would have been the result if these articles had been signed by the real names of their authors? The mystery would have been at an end, and with the mystery the interest would have departed. People would not care to know that the essay on the currency, which they assign to a bank director, was written by some man with an extremely speculative knowledge of the subject. They would not like to have the same man laying down the law on foreign politics and the Board of Trade, on Macaulay and Mexico, on the Reform Bill and Dr. Mary Walker, on crinoline and Dr. Manning. Yet they do not object to a barrister going from the defence of a murderer to the prosecution of a sheepstealer, from the Crown side of the assizes to a railway case on the civil side, or from a libel case in the Queen's Bench to an indebitatus in the Exchequer. If literature is to be a profession, it must deal with a multiplicity of subjects. A man must be able to get up a great many things, must have a tolerably clear view of them all, and be ready to write upon all of them. If he cannot do this, or if the public will not be content with one man doing it, we must have the German newspaper system, where a professor writes an elaborate essay three months after the case is forgotten.

These considerations are not very important, and they would have no weight if writers and the public once became used to the practice of signing. But there is one objection to

Mr. Lewes's principle which we draw from his own *Fortnightly Review*, and which weighs against much of his argument for earnestness and responsibility. It is this. Once put your names prominently forward, and men will look more to the name than to the article. Would any review publish the first paper in the present number, on the Church of England as a religious body, if that paper was not signed Amberley? Would the *Fortnightly* have published the paper with the signature of John Tomkins? We doubt if either of these questions would be answered in the affirmative. But if they must be answered in the negative, the inference drawn from them is by no means favourable to sincerity. Take again the case of some of Mr. Trollope's critical papers. Would any reader have looked at them but for their signature? Was not every careful reader vexed to find such a name at the end of such articles? It may seem a paradox, but a man of eminence is often the dupe of his fame, and publishes things with his name which he knows have only his name to recommend them. He has worked his way up by good writing, and he knows that the public will be less particular when he has once been labelled. Mr. Dickens has remarked on the curious fact that his worst books have sold best; we may add that his worst books have been most praised, even by some who profess to be masters of the science of criticism. And one reason of Mr. Dickens's extreme mannerism is that he has for a long time been writing under his own name and publishing the writings of others in connection with his name. This may seem to tell against our argument; it only tells in favour of our concession to Mr. Lewes. What we object to is merely the invariable habit of signing articles as pursued in the *Fortnightly*; we would have every man free to sign or not to sign as he chooses. There may be cases when individual responsibility is desirable. There may be cases when a man does not want to be unknown, but does not wish to proclaim himself. Mr. Lewes's clerical contributors—we are not speaking of Lord Amberley—must have felt this sometimes, unless they were in search of personal notoriety. An officer in the army or navy cannot publish his name when he exposes an abuse in his own service, lest, as really happened ten years ago, he be cashiered for an anonymous slanderer. Much effective criticism of men in high office would be lost if every page was to create a personal enemy. Many secrets of the prison-house would remain untold if the telling of them aggravated the horrors of confinement. A case has just happened in Wurtemberg which shows the necessity of respecting the privacy of writers when they wish to be anonymous. Professor Pauli of Tübingen had written against the Wurtemberg Government, and being suspected by the authorities was called upon to avow his authorship. Mr. Lewes, who thinks that in personal statements or criticism there should be no privacy, that if a man attacks or eulogizes a government or a party it may make a considerable difference in the effect of his words when we know that he is a discharged servant or a favoured servant, will hardly defend Wurtemberg for its dismissal of one of its ablest professors. Yet, if Professor Pauli had published his attack with his name, the Government would have been fully justified. If we are to insist on personal responsibility, we must have personal protection. And if we are to make literature into a profession, with the etiquette of the law or the still more rigid limits of medicine, we must deprive it of the help of that voluntary principle which gives it so much elasticity and freshness.

MANUSCRIPT SERMONS.

AMONG other ceremonies and observances proper to Christmas-day, that of going to church at least once occupies a prominent place—quite as prominent, in most families of Christians, as the dinner which follows or intervenes. Going to church on Christmas-day means something more than joining in appropriate thanksgivings and prayers: it means listening to a sermon. There are some church-goers who hold the opinion that sermons for special services, such as Christmas or Good Friday, are, if anything, less dull than those which are administered to the congregation on the hundred and four routine occasions of the year. At first sight this appears a plausible opinion, because the minister is no doubt tied down, to some extent, to a specified subject, instead of being free to roam at his own sweet will over the wide expanse of the Thirty-nine Articles, to say nothing of the supplementary articles which a good many of our clergy preach at first or second hand. It is true, too, that the subjects indicated by the special services of the Church of England are in themselves of a deeply interesting character, and a congregation might not unnaturally hope that sermons on such subjects would be more interesting, in the best sense of the word, than those preached

on chance and unconnected subjects, which are probably determined by the last sermon of Blunt or Goodwin the preacher may have read. But painful experience shows that an ungifted man is less trying when running on his own tack, than when forced into one definite course by the exigences of a special day, and thus a sermon on a fixed subject is a more dangerous lottery to invest one's patience in, than even the ordinary Sunday homiletic. Given a cultivated preacher, even though he be not a highly-gifted man, and the grander the subject put specially before him, the more will he command and deserve the attention of the congregation. But take the average type of parochial clergyman, who has gone through his University or theological college on the strength of compendiums and cram manuals, things never so hateful as when they summarize doctrines and put the whole course of Christian faith and practice into a compact mnemonic form for examination purposes. Take even the more favourable specimen of this average class, the individual who has busily idled away three years over a pass degree, or has spent them in grinding hard, and all but unsuccessfully, at rudimentary Latin and Greek and arithmetic, till at length he has earned his bachelor's hood; or take the less favourable specimen, the man who, without any expansive influences of public school or University life, has gone narrowly down the narrow groove of a theological college, till he has reached the Bishop's hands, hoodless or in fictitious plumes. Instinct will do wonders for many such men, but so far as education and preparation are concerned, what hope is there of a result which shall be worthy of the responsibility and dignity of the office to which they come. Give them a large occasion for a special sermon, such as Christmas-day, and they interpret this into a call to make a greater display, to be more telling than usual, to be—alas!—more lengthy than their wont. It is unnecessary to harrow the memory by calling up recollections of the response which such supposed calls have met with. The display is a display of bad taste; the emphasis and the declamation are telling indeed, but they tell on feelings other than those the preacher intended to move; while the greater length of the homily means merely wider wanderings and more illogical confusion of arrangement and argument. The gentleman who waxed eloquent on the subject of the Innocents, when preaching on the Innocents'-day, and described the quivering of the tender flesh of the infants as brutal soldiers tossed their lacerated limbs to the crowd of shrieking maniac mothers, winding up with a statement to the effect that thirty thousand innocent infants were thus mercilessly massacred, affords an example, exaggerated perhaps, but apt, of the danger which besets a weak preacher when he is called upon for a pulpit essay on a fixed and probably difficult subject. Dulness is more endurable than bad taste.

In these happy days of benevolence there are cures to be found for every ill the flesh is heir to in the advertising columns of various newspapers; and it would be strange indeed if so serious and universally confessed an evil as this of unedifying pulpit discourses were left without a promised antidote. Secular journals have long pointed out the prevalence of the disease; the Church papers are now holding out definite hopes of a cure. Every parish in the kingdom might, *sua si bona nosset*, have obtained "a brilliant sermon for Christmas-day" at the trifling cost of three-and-sixpence per parish. It is cruel to tell it, now that it is too late, when nought but vain regret is left for those who did not avail themselves of the proffered exemption. It is such a small sum, three-and-sixpence—especially if raised by subscription—and the relief purchased for many a minister and many a congregation would have been so great. Perhaps another year the same kind-hearted gentleman who planned this boon for the country will issue a similar advertisement and let his goodness be more widely known. Any public-spirited parishioner who happens to be located in dry places should make a note of the address, which may be found in the columns of at least one clerical contemporary, and should write to "P. C." (the Benevolent) next autumn, urging him to prepare some more brilliancy for the wearied ears of the Queen's lieges. All the year round, indeed, "P. C." will supply incumbents once a week with sermons; but to this perpetual supply no promise of brilliancy is attached. It is not quite certain that such supply is promised at all, for the sentence, "Incumbents supplied weekly," is slightly ambiguous, and might be so contrived as to pledge the advertiser to let out incumbents by the week to vacant parishes.

"P. C.'s" delightful offer is unique in two ways. Each month the advertisements of manuscript and lithographed sermons become more numerous, but to none, so far as some study of the matter has extended, does that attractive expectation of

brilliance attach itself. The sermons advertised are called "original," and we know what that means; or they are called "practical," and we know what *that* means; or they combine those two excellences in the epithets bestowed upon them by their purveyors, and are offered to the world as "practical and original;" "brilliant" the advertisers do not call them, an abstinence which is doubtless imitated by those who hear them delivered as the preacher's very own. The other singular feature about "P. C.'s" offer is the price. As compared with other manuscript sermons, three-and-sixpence is a great price, a deterrent price, one might imagine; but then, as "P. C." would probably say, you can't have brilliance without paying for it. Those who do not care to approve themselves brilliant before their flock, can relieve themselves from the painful labour of filling twenty lengthening pages with unwilling characters, by an expenditure of eighteen-pence in postage stamps, which will secure them a private circular into the bargain from the pen of a "chancellor's medallist of his university." These sermons are labelled "original" only; for "original and practical" sermons the *fainéant* homilist must go to the extent of two-and-sixpence, at which price he can procure special or ordinary discourses, according to the season, but still not "brilliant," so far as can be gathered from the advertisement. There is a lower walk of the sermon trade, where the price gets down to a shilling—thirteen-pence post free—and many clergymen are quite satisfied with the article supplied at this price, whatever their flocks may be.

Considering the great attention that is always being given to the subject of inadequate preaching, it is curious that so very little is said about these numerous advertisers of discourses lithographed so as to defy detection from the gallery, or, sometimes, actually in manuscript. A large amount of the medicine for the soul thus sent by post to country parishes or town, consists of dry bones, very dry. The executors of some old clergyman who has gone to his rest find themselves embarrassed with large piles of manuscript sermons, written large, perhaps, that the kindly old eyes might see them the better on a dark winter's afternoon. No sooner are they aware of the encumbrance, than a door of relief opens. They can realize the old, old discourses, and get more than waste-paper price for them. There are purchasers ready for any quantity of old sermons, as there are for old clothes. A short time ago it happened that the wife of a curate, having a high opinion of her husband's power in the pulpit, and hearing that his friends could get two guineas, three, and even four, for articles in popular periodicals, not so long, and, as she fancied, not so well written as her husband's, answered one or two advertisements on the part of booksellers and others who wished to buy up stores of old sermons, all at the best possible price, for distributing in a lithographed form. Most of the advertisers were of a critical and wary turn, and declined to specify any probable sum per sermon until they should have seen the quality of the article. One gentleman, however, committed himself to an approximate bid, stating that "about sixpence is an average price each." Now it is evident that sermons thus procured from the dusty recesses of the studies of defunct octogenarians must be sadly behind the age. This may account for some of the obsolete thunder against exploded dangers which is to be heard from time to time in our pulpits. An acute critic, turning his attention to the subject, might in time have a very good guess as to the age of sermons. One would smack of Waterloo or the preceding decade; another would bear the pronounced bouquet of 1829; or again, a third sermon on the due subservience of man to man would unmistakably declare its connection with the Reform vintage. Some sermons would become interesting problems. American slavery has been a homiletic subject at more than one crisis of our history, and only by close attention to incidental and collateral hints could the precise spasm which gave the sermon birth be singled out with accuracy.

Seriously, however, this is not a matter to be overlooked. If clergymen are weak enough to buy their sermons ready-made (lithographed to a consummate pitch of deception), they are certainly not strong enough to decide whether the doctrine therein contained is sound, or all the casuistry (*i. e.*, solution of difficulties presented by the conscience) strictly moral. A designing man might do immense harm by insidiously adulterating the spiritual food he sends out at a shilling or more per meal. And much harm may be done by those purveyors who really write original sermons for lithographing and distributing, and who, in order to offend no prejudices, abstain from all allusion to the great problems, which are now fermenting in the minds of men and women. Such men debase the function of the preachers to whom they supply venal inspiration, and bring disrepute on their office. They teach nothing, explain

nothing, criticise nothing, condemn nothing, except what the ordinary common sense of the Englishman can manage for himself without assistance. Any other line would be too decided, and might injure the sale.

NAUTICAL NOVELS.

It was in his eighteenth autumn, and in the year of grace 1739, that Tobias Smollett embarked as surgeon's mate on board a large vessel of the squadron which sailed soon after from the Isle of Wight. It was commanded by Rear-Admiral Ogle, and was ordered to join Admiral Vernon in the West Indies. The moment was exciting. Walpole had been driven into a war he disapproved, and the nation was wild with delight at the prospect of booty, territory, and fame, to be won from the vanquished Spaniards. During seven years Smollett remained with the fleet. He took part in the operations against Carthage, and in the bombardment of Bocca Chica. He cruised often and long about the West-Indian isles, and not always with hostile intent. It was there he found a beautiful Creole, whom he afterwards married, and there his experiences of sea life were noted down to great advantage in the log-book of memory. Thomas Moore wrote well and beautifully about the East, without having seen it; but no man could learn the ways of the sea on dry land. Walter Scott seldom takes us far from shore, and whenever he does try the uncertain deep we feel that the prince of romancers was not a seaman. Dirk Hatteraick, of the *Yungfrau Haagenslaapen*, is admirable in the smugglers' cave, and in the jail where he strangles Glossin, and, with the cord from the truckle-bed, puts an end to his own miserable existence; and Sir Walter is quite at home among the headlands of Orkney and Zetland, and on board the Udaller's brig. Nothing can be more life-like than the encounter between her and the pirate sloop commanded by Jack Bunce; yet we are sensible all through that the scene is painted by a landsman, and that though the author of "Waverley" might have thrown all other writers of nautical fiction into the shade, it could only have been after serving a longer apprenticeship to the rudder and the mainsail. The novelists who have trodden with success in Smollett's steps have, like Smollett, made the wide sea their home. Of Captain Marryat it is, perhaps, needless to speak; his title sufficiently indicates his calling, and a nautical impress is stamped on every page of his works, like the anchor branded on a sailor's arm. Few captains in the navy have led a more eventful life. He was at sea during thirty years, and was engaged in upwards of fifty actions. Once he was left for dead on the deck of a ship which he had boarded; at the risk of his own life he saved four or five men from drowning on different occasions; one of them bleeding fresh from the jaws of a shark when the Captain rescued him. Another of the rescued men was a son of William Cobbett. His "Book of Signals" procured him the Cross of the Legion of Honour from Louis Philippe; and his long experience of nautical life, far exceeding anything which Smollett or Fennimore Cooper could boast, gives a richness of detail to his descriptions surpassing, to a seaman's taste, that which any other writer has produced. Cooper served six years as a midshipman, and took part in many a broadside and boarding at a time when buccaneers sadly infested the American coast. In the novels of the former writer we are constantly reminded of Smollett, and in none more so than in "Rattlin the Reefer." It professes to be, like "Jacob Faithful," an autobiography; and this was Smollett's favourite mode of narrating. The hero of "Roderick Random" is, on the whole, the author himself. He is a Scotchman by birth and education, he is apprenticed to an apothecary, comes to London to better his fortune, and embarks on board a man-of-war as surgeon's mate. He goes through every sort of hardship, and meets with an endless variety of odd characters. He is present when Carthage is attacked, and he returns to London life with a passion for literature. He associates with wits and pennyless poets, and is rewarded for all his troubles and reverses by marrying Narcissa. It is half true, half burlesque, and in reading about Roderick and his companions we cannot but feel that caricatures of Smollett and his friends are before our eyes. "Rattlin the Reefer" is cast in the same mould. The hero, as in "Roderick Random" and "Peregrine Pickle," is a young scapegrace, with a mixture of good and bad qualities. He acquaints us with his earliest history, and dwells rather tediously on his schoolboy adventures, sorrows, and escapes. The story starts with few characters, and as it advances fresh ones are tacked on for no other reason than to create a variety of them, and to multiply incidents. The plot is slender, for

where, except in "Rob Roy," shall we find in a fiction in the form of autobiography an elaborate plot, slowly unwound, and conducted to its issue by a measured and stately march? Rattlin sails to the West Indies, and falls in love with Josephine, the fair daughter of a French planter. There is a great deal of brawling, cudgelling, and moralizing, and the jokes against religious observances are ceaseless, though the author has, of course, a profound sense of *natural* religion. The language is not always the most refined, nor are the situations the most decorous that can be conceived. Every figure is larger than life, and every peculiarity is caricatured. Nature is often outraged, as when Rattlin, at the age of seven, is sent into a "raging fever" by Mr. Cate's sermon on the torments of hell, and afterwards, in his midshipman days, cries whenever one of the crew is tied up. In spite of such nonsense as Reuben Gubbins the poacher, who had fired at the gamekeeper, "talking of nothing" on board the *Eos* but "feyther" and his "sister Moll," while he "moistened his biscuit with tears," and was "always whimpering," there are some grand bits in Rattlin's maritime adventures, as, for example, where he is triced up to the truck of the royal pole by the furious captain. But there is no such dry humour in Marryat as in Smollett. There is nothing in his works to be compared with the death-bed of Commodore Truncheon in "Peregrine Pickle"—no such exquisite touches of nature, such felicitous combinations of pathos and fun, such boldly-outlined and well-sustained characters as Lieutenant Lismahago, Morgan the Welsh apothecary, Uncle Bowling, Hatchway, Pipes, and Strap the barber.

Both Smollett and Marryat are greatest on the sea. The freaks of the wild waters are in keeping with those of the persons they describe, and with the power and sportiveness of their own genial and quizzical spirits. In the shrill gale and the roaring tempest, in the noisy gunroom and in the stern-sheets of the armed cutter, on the cross-trees under the blue dome of Heaven fretted with midnight's golden fires, they feel the inspiration of romance, relish most keenly whatever they see, and best invent things which they see not. If Marryat is sometimes untrue to nature and constantly exaggerates her features, he does, in this respect, only follow the leading of his master, Tobias Smollett. Thus, in the account Smollett gives of his own Sunday dinner-parties in "Humphrey Clinker," he described the guest who had contracted an antipathy to the country and sat with his back towards the window looking into the garden as being "the son of a cottager born under a hedge," and as having "many years run wild among asses on a common." This is all very well; but when he adds, a few pages after, that this same peasant-born hater of green fields "had never seen corn growing in his life, and was so ignorant of grain that his entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own that a plate of hominy was the best rice-pudding he had ever eat," we are obliged to ask whether, during the many years that he ran wild on the common, he never once ran beyond it to look at the reapers. Cooper enjoyed great and singular advantages in the composition of nautical novels. The American seas, lakes, and mighty rivers flowing through untravelled forests, the Tappan Zee, the wide reaches of the Hudson, the shores of Staten Island, were all new ground and virgin water to the majority of English and even of American readers. The struggles of a great colony for independence, and the reachings forth of a spirited race towards civilization and science, added much to the charm and grandeur of his materials. He never took Smollett as a model, and if he imitated Scott in some points, it was certainly not in sea life. With less broad humour and rollicking fun than either Smollett or Marryat, he is to many readers far more pleasing, in consequence of the greater purity of his style, the poetry of his descriptions, and the sobriety of his moral tone. It would be absurd to say that he is as essentially nautical as Marryat, or that his naval characters are as clearly marked as those of the witty Tobias; but in the novelty of his matter and in beautiful accuracy of detail, his maritime scenes are more interesting, though perhaps less exciting, than theirs. When he describes he teaches; and when, as in the "Water Witch," he paints the craft called by the old mariners of New York a *periagua*, he gives us a lesson both in history and boat-building. The famous smuggler herself is drawn with a master's hand, and the *Water Witch's* form and movements entertain us as if she were "a thing of life." In depicting character and, above all, in reporting conversations, Cooper is less happy than in dealing with scenery and inanimate objects. There is a want of pliancy in his people; their walk is often stilted, and they speak with such extreme propriety as to be now and then pedantic, priggish, or prudish. The story sometimes drags; and this is particularly the case in "Lionel Lincoln," a novel

by the way, in which we get little view of the sea, excepting so far as it rolls into Boston harbour. There is a solemn and studied air in the talk between Alderman van Beverout and Oloff van Staats in the "Water Witch," which illustrates these remarks; but in this, as in Cooper's other sea tales, the stateliness of style is redeemed by the best artistic construction of a story, and by the liveliest appreciation of all that is most lovely and striking in natural scenery. When the free-trader, Seadrift, contrasts the classic beauty of Sorrento and Ischia with the Manhattan and Raritan waters, his language is that of a scholar and a poet, though he protests he is "of no great schooling and of humble powers of speech." None but a cynic would dwell long on Cooper's one defect. He is himself a great creation, and deserves to be the boast of the Republic of the West. But neither the *Ariel* nor the *Water Witch* have swept the seas. These still lie open to the exploits of genius. The "Pilot" and the "Sea Lions" by Cooper, the "Phantom Ship" and "Midshipman Easy" by Marryat, walk the waters, and gallant vessels they are to behold, but their builders have not done for the ocean what Sir Walter did for Scotland. They have not made it exclusively their own; their skill and prowess may be disputed by future rivals, and a nautical novelist may arise superior to Smollett, Marryat, and Cooper, who will gain the mastery by combining their several excellences and dropping their defects.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Two political documents come to us from Italy, which present a very remarkable contrast to each other. One is a letter from Baron Ricasoli in reply to the Bishops domiciled in Rome, who applied to him for permission to return to their dioceses—a permission which was granted them on the very day their letter was dated, and of course before its receipt by the Government. The other is a manifesto by Mazzini to the Roman people, urging them once more to declare the Republic. The temperate and statesmanlike tone of the Italian Premier's circular is made still more apparent by the declamatory vehemence, passionate outcries, and general unreasonableness, of Mazzini's exhortation. Ricasoli, replying with admirable skill and effect to an expression on the part of the Bishops that they wished to be placed in the same position as the Roman Catholic Bishops in the United States, begs their lordships to observe that it is liberty which has produced in America the state of things they desiderate in Italy. In the great Republic of the Western continent, all religions are on an absolute equality; the Catholic, the Protestant, the Mussulman, and the Confucian (he might have added the Rationalist), erect their temples side by side, and worship in peace, each according to the dictates of his conscience. "And why?" asks the Italian Minister. "Because no religion claims special protection or privileges from the State: each exists, develops itself, and is exercised, under the protection of the common law; and the law, equally respected by all, guarantees equal liberty to all. The Italian Government, meanwhile, wishes to show as far as possible that it has faith in liberty, and is desirous of applying it as widely as is compatible with the interests of public order." But in Italy, Baron Ricasoli goes on to observe, the Church cannot at present be allowed an amount of liberty equal to that of America, because America, while inheriting all the germs of civilization of the Old World, has escaped the legacy of embarrassments proceeding from the violence, the disorder, and the consequent feudal and ecclesiastical arrangements, of the dark ages, and because in Italy a sacerdotal kingdom has been erected, which is "in contradiction, not only with the civil power, but with national right." These are the conditions which, in the interests of liberty itself, limit the freedom of the Church in Italy by a certain amount of State interference. "Hence," continues the letter, "arose the distrusts and precautions described in my circular which provoked your remonstrance, but which were only dictated by the necessity of things. The Bishops cannot be considered among us as simple pastors of souls, since they are at the same time the instruments and defenders of a Power in opposition to the national aspirations; the civil power is therefore constrained to subject them to those measures which are necessary to preserve its rights and those of the nation." Liberty is the only thing which can reconcile Church and State, and bring about the happy condition which we see in America; and to the advancement of liberty in their several dioceses the Baron finally invites the Bishops. It is strange to find a Government which, through its chief, can so firmly and nobly assert the principles of freedom, denounced by Signor Mazzini with the utmost bitterness of his ultra-bitter pen. It

is true that he speaks, not specifically of the present Government, but of the monarchy generally; but a constitutional monarchy must be judged by the acts of its responsible advisers. The House of Savoy is described as "a monarchy already doomed—a monarchy proved impotent and incapable of all noble action—a monarchy which has accepted Venice as an alms from the foreigner, and would inscribe Lissa and Custozza upon the Capitol." In another part we are told that Rome cannot, without profanation, "give the consecration of her prestige to a dying institution, and throw the gigantic shadow of her glory over the errors, the crimes, the servility to the foreigner, of a monarchy which uttered no word of protest in your favour in 1849; which has uttered no word of protest for you during your eighteen years' slavery; and which has declared, by the lips of its Ministers, we will never go to Rome unless by permission of France and the Pope." The best answer to all this oratory is in the fact that, whatever the cause, the republic failed to make Italy, and that the monarchy has made it. Italians are not dreamers, and they know how to appreciate that plain truth.

LOVE, which has at all times been at the bottom of a good many Court intrigues, has been playing some pranks at the Court of Florence, which, according to a correspondent of the *Paris Presse*, have occasioned considerable embarrassment to the Ricasoli Cabinet. Prince Amadeus, it seems, has fallen desperately in love with the Princess de la Cisterna, a Piedmontese. The courtiers belonging to the old Piedmontese party, thinking it would be a fine thing to place one of their Princesses so near the Throne, seconded the young Prince's passion so warmly as to worry the King into consenting. Baron Ricasoli, it is said, strongly opposed the marriage on the ground that Amadeus is too young for taking such a step (he is only twenty-one, and somewhat boyish even for that age), and that his elder brother, Prince Humbert, is not yet married; but a conspiracy was formed against the Ministry, and it would seem that the Premier has had to give way. Where is the wonder? A Minister may or may not be a match for Kaiser and Pope; but he must be great indeed to beat a pair of lovers and their female allies.

ALL the reports about Russia strengthening her garrisons in Poland and massing troops upon the Galician frontier, which have furnished texts for several leaders in our daily contemporaries, turn out to be false, as we conjectured them to be. One need not be a conjuror to know that just before the winter sets in the Russian troops change their quarters, with just as much regularity as the Guards go from London to Windsor, and from Windsor to London, and back. Every year these periodical garrison changes take place, and as they occur in the dull season, every year we have a repetition of the same story of troops concentrating here or marching there, frightening the respectable old ladies, who believe in the *Times*, out of their wits. A very slight knowledge of the actual position of Russia ought to teach us that there is no apparent motive for such alleged assembling of troops; and, secondly, that, if her relations with Austria and Prussia were at all uneasy, to make a military demonstration against either in the depth of winter would be madness. During the late Polish insurrection the loss of life among the Russian troops from exposure to the weather was so enormous that the Government never ventured to publish it; and the regular winter mortality from overcrowding in garrisons resembles the destructiveness of the plague. The fact is that at the present moment all the garrisons in Western Russia are, for sanitary reasons, much below their summer average. Add to this that Russia has, at present, no cause of quarrel with either Austria or Prussia, and we know exactly what value to put upon the wild conjectures of our sensational contemporary.

MATTERS look very stormy in the direction of Turkey, and it would not be surprising if the eternal "Eastern question" were once more to burst forth into flame. A telegram from Constantinople, dated Thursday, says that—"The Porte has again addressed energetic remonstrances to the Greek Government, on account of Greek soldiers having disembarked at Candia among other volunteers coming from Greece. The Porte also remonstrates against the concentration of Greek troops on the frontier, and has declared that it will hold Greece responsible for the consequences." A war between Turkey and Greece, in itself, would be a small matter; but it means a European war, and Greece and Turkey have now got into that mutual position when it is difficult to avoid blows.

AFFAIRS in America are still in a very unsatisfactory state—a state which threatens serious collisions between the President and the Congress. Both Houses have passed by a two-thirds vote the Bill granting the suffrage to persons of colour within the district of Columbia—the small piece of territory in which Washington is situated, and which is under the immediate rule of Congress. A Bill has also been introduced, declaring that the Southern States are no longer States of the Union, but simply dependent Territories, and providing machinery for governing them as such; and it is likewise proposed to deprive the President of his constitutional right of pardoning. The Southern States, on their side, are equally determined, and their Legislatures continue to reject the Constitutional Amendment proposed by Congress as the basis of re-admission into the Union. Mr. Johnson is obviously placed in a very critical position. His "stumping" tour of the autumn has excited against him the most energetic hostility on the part of the Northern States; and the large majority which the Abolitionists obtained at the last election has given them the power of doing pretty well what they like. The Bill by which negro suffrage is established in the territory of Columbia was passed in both Houses by a majority large enough to prevent the President using his power of veto; and on all hands we see a determination to crown the victory of the field by legislative successes equally great. Some of the proceedings of Congress may not be in accordance with the Constitution, and it is always a serious matter where a nation violates its own forms of law; but public opinion, in all but the Southern States, seems to be in favour of the Radical party, and it is clear that Mr. Johnson must give way, or be brushed aside.

By the Calcutta mails which arrived on Thursday morning, we learn that the Viceroy has appointed a Commission to inquire into the facts connected with the famine in Bengal. This, it is stated, has given general satisfaction; and certainly it was high time that some investigation should take place, as very serious charges of mismanagement have been brought against officials of high position. The Commission will consist of Mr. Dampier, Mr. Justice Campbell, and Colonel Morton, R.E., and its labours will comprise the suggestion of preventives for the future (especially with reference to permanent settlement and works of irrigation), as well as an inquiry into past and present facts. The *Friend of India*, wherein we find these particulars, says:—"We will not prejudge Sir Cecil Beadon, especially as we believe Lord Cranborne has, in a very severe despatch to the Government of India, virtually put him on his trial. But the facts are patent that, while thousands have been dying every week, he and his Government have been disporting themselves in Darjeeling and Agra. What would be done to the general who, during an invasion, runs from the post of duty and danger, and then sacrifices his overworked subordinates?" The great question, however, is, why in such a country as India there should ever be a famine at all.

THE Government precautions against Fenianism have created a regular stampede in the south of Ireland. Whole families recently crossed over here, and the hunting meets are so thinly attended that masters of hounds speak of closing the season long before the usual time. Some landlords, who, up to this, were chary of permission to shoot their preserves, now readily grant it in order to have guns about the premises on which they might rely in the event of an attack. Meanwhile, there is nothing positively to be seen which could give rise to this state of affairs. The peasantry talk vaguely of a war coming, but there is no sign of anything of the sort. The circulation of money is impeded, and public confidence is considerably shaken by the prevalent fears, and the mischief which this movement seems to have effected on the commercial spirit of Ireland is simply incalculable.

No turf scandal that has occurred for the last twenty years, not even the Running Rein case, has occasioned the amount of scandal which the Soiled Dove inquiry has done both in betting and other circles. As is pretty well known, this now renowned filly was run at the late Warwickshire races as a two-year-old, but, upon examination by a veterinary professor, she turns out to be a year older than set down, and, consequently, her being brought forward under false pretences, is, by all the rules of the English race-course, looked upon as a deliberate swindle. The owner of the animal is Major-General Shirley, formerly commanding the 7th Hussars, and late, chief of the Turkish Cavalry Contingent during the Crimean war. This officer is

a great racing man, and owns many horses, but runs them, as is very common, under a *nom de turf*. He and his friends are said to declare that he was imposed upon in the purchase of the filly, taking her as a yearling when she was in fact a two-year-old, from her late owner, Mr. E. Clarke, of Drayton Villa, Brompton, who formerly owned Mr. Sykes, Vander Meulen, and other celebrated racers. On the other hand, the friends of Mr. Clarke declare that the Soiled Dove was bred by General Shirley himself, and never was the property of any Mr. Clarke, and that, although she has changed hands several times during the last two years, she has now reverted to her original owner. Strange to say, during this animal's brief career she has been the property of two or three of the most experienced racing men in England, and has been handled by more than one first-class trainer. It is strange that if she was a year older than put down, this fact was never discovered—or, at any rate, was never made public—until an examination was demanded the other day. And yet, of the filly being an older animal than she is entered there cannot now be a doubt, the Jockey Club having decided the case, upon the very best veterinary evidence that could be procured in England. Altogether the affair is one which must cast a great deal of discredit upon racing men in general, and no doubt it will give occupation to the lawyers for some time to come. Amongst the book-makers, and in the betting-ring, the event has created immense confusion, as many who had paid losses will have to receive gains, and those who were winners are now on the wrong side of their racing ledgers, and will have to refund what they received.

THE more advanced section of the Ritualistic party have lately introduced amongst themselves two very decided novelties in the English Church. They are publishing at Oxford an "Anglican Missal," which contains the order of the Communion Service, without any other portion of the Liturgy, and is illuminated as well as divided into parts, in exact imitation of the Roman Catholic Missal. Nor is this part of the Anglican Prayer-book ever spoken of by the Ritualists as other than "the Mass." "I have been to high mass," or "I am going to hear low mass," is now as common a way of speaking amongst the worshippers at St. Mary Magdalene, Munster-square; St. Alban's, Baldwin's-gardens; or St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, as it is with the members of any congregation that is under Dr. Manning's jurisdiction. Another curious fashion some of the Ritualists have adopted is that of speaking to or of the clergymen who adopt these views as "Father John," "Father James," or whatever the reverend clergyman's Christian name may be, instead of calling him Mr. Smith, Brown, or Jones.

THE attempt to make people sober by Act of Parliament has been as great a failure as the attempt to make them religious by the same means. The *North British Mail* gives some curious facts touching the working of the Forbes Mackenzie Act. That Act closed the public-houses in Scotland upon Sunday, but it did not stop the appetite for liquor, nor dry up the ingenuity of those who wished to indulge it. If the taverns were shut up, the druggists' shops remained open, and whisky was sold and drunk medicinally, scented with camphor, or tinted with brown sugar. But that was not the worst of it. "Lately"—as may have been observed from the police reports—says the *Mail*, "a liquid known as 'finish,' a compound of methylated spirits and French polish, extensively used by furniture polishers, has, from its superior cheapness and strength, come into vogue, and its effects upon its victims are so dangerously maddening that the police have taken the matter in hand with the view of suppressing the traffic." Then we learn that an enormous business has been done in "cholera mixtures," the bulk of the mixture being, of course, whisky. This is not an encouraging prospect for the Irish temperance men who, with Cardinal Cullen at their head, aim at the closing of public-houses. But if, as is said, two Roman Catholic bishops have persuaded their flocks neither to sell nor drink liquor upon Sundays, we should hope the temperance movement there might be carried out without the aid of legislation—certainly not with it.

THERE are symptoms, whose value, however, should not be exaggerated, of a counteracting movement to the principles of trades' unions. At Staveley, upwards of a thousand colliers have protested against the despotic regulations of the unions, and their protest has been endorsed by the non-unionists in the employment of the Colliery Company at Hucknall-Torkard, near Nottingham, who at a recent meeting professed themselves "firmly convinced that the union agitation is opposed to the

real interests of workmen," and pledged themselves to support their employers, "satisfied that, their interests being identical, the only sound state of things is where perfect confidence and good feeling exist between them." If these secessions from the trades' unions are genuine, we accept them as the token of a better feeling, and a wiser view of their own interests, on the part of the working classes, which, it is to be hoped, will increase. It is very questionable whether the trades' unions are now capable of benefiting their members; but there can be no doubt that they are contributing largely to that diversion of English manufactures into foreign channels which is yearly becoming an evil of portentous magnitude.

THE Yankees, who can boast that they have made the biggest National Debt ever made in the same time, that they have carried on the biggest civil war, received the biggest thrashing, and crushed the biggest rebellion ever known, may now claim the glory of having had the biggest yacht race. On the 11th inst., the *Vesta*, *Fleetwing*, and *Henrietta*, started from Sandy Hook at one o'clock, with a fair wind and fine weather, and at 4 p.m. on Christmas-day the *Henrietta* passed Hurst Castle for Cowes, where she arrived at 5.40. This is the fastest passage on record, with the exception of one made by the clipper ship, *Dreadnought*; and in making it the *Henrietta* had not the slightest accident, not even the loss of a rope. She ran the whole voyage on one tack. The other yachts were not far behind. The *Fleetwing* arrived at 2 a.m., and the *Vesta* at 3.30 on the 26th inst. The *Fleetwing* was not so fortunate as the *Henrietta*. When eight days out she encountered a heavy southern gale, during which the sea boarded her, carried away her jibboom, and washed six men overboard, including two quarter-masters, all of whom were lost.

POLICE-CONSTABLE MILLHOUSE, 234 V, made merry at Christmas after the manner of the Force. On Christmas morning he arrested, in the High-street, Putney, Mr. Joseph Minchin, who is a baker there, in consequence of his being unable to account for a waiter which he held in his hand. The policeman followed the baker into his house, and, says the policeman, "When the prisoner got inside he struck me with the waiter. He made a second blow, and in putting up my hand I accidentally struck him on the eye and knocked him down. The prisoner broke some glasses inside his shop in the fall. He was drunk." The baker's account of the transaction was that, on Christmas-eve he was engaged in delivering cakes and other things to his customers, and in the course of his business he had the tray in his hand, when the complainant most offensively and improperly interfered with him, and being indignant at the question put to him about the tray, he ordered him to leave. He was advancing towards the constable when the latter felled him like an ox. The magistrate dismissed the charge, observing that the conduct of the constable was disgraceful, and that he was unfit to be in the Force. Does Millhouse continue to be 234 V, or are the wrongs of bakers too far below the attention of the Commissioners of Police to call for their interference?

THE Aborigines Protection Society seems to have discovered a mare's-nest in rather a likely place, a travelling exhibition calling itself the Russian Circus. The inquiries instituted by that society led to the information that certain interesting foreigners, who are described as "a horde of wild men from the Island of Jesso," and who had been provided by a collector of curiosities, were by no means luxuriously lodged by their showman. Their cage was only 10 feet long by 6 wide, and barred so closely that a finger could not be introduced through the interwoven wires. The representative of the society could not induce the wild men to enter into any conversation with him beyond a succession of sharp yelps or barks, so exceedingly alike that even a Japanese gentleman who accompanied the visitor doubted whether they were speaking the language of their country or merely uttering sounds that had been taught them. The society having failed to "draw out" the wild men, applied to the Home Secretary for his assistance, and were recommended to continue their researches, when they would probably find that the so-called wild men were not in reality under any restraint.

CHELTEMHAM, at all times strongly affecting the fashionable, seems at last to have aimed at rivalry in a direction which, until now, we had thought one of the specialities of Paris

We understand that last week the *demi-monde* held a ball at the York Rooms, Cheltenham, at which several gentlemen of the town, tradesmen whose friends would never suspect them of such a peccadillo, and the representatives of the staffs of two of the public schools, were present. A gentleman whose name was mentioned by the *Examiner* in connection with the affair, has rushed into print to deny that the ball, as had been alleged, was given by him, or that the lady by whom it was given, is, or was, under his *protection*. The matter is said to have given rise to so much feeling that the Imperial Club, of which this gentleman is a member, and which is said to have furnished an ample contingent to the ball, had before it a resolution for his expulsion, but which failed to get the necessary majority of two-thirds.

As a practical comment on the late coal-mine explosions, we may mention the fact that two pit-men, one at Tynemouth and the other at Sunderland, have been sentenced to imprisonment and hard labour, the former for smoking in a coal-pit, the latter for taking a pipe with him into the mine contrary to orders. Pipes involve lucifer matches, and it is not improbable that both in the Oaks Colliery and in that at Talk-o'-the-Hill, smoking was the cause of the explosions.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE Little-go list has been an agreeable surprise to a great many of the candidates, being the most merciful that has been published for a long time. In spite of the undefined horrors of an "accidence" paper, and an additional book of Euclid, with the propositions of the 6th book besides, only 90 men out of 530 do not appear in the list of approved, and of these 90 some, no doubt, merely went in for form's sake, since an undergraduate must go in for his Little-go at the proper time, or else he is not allowed to count that term. Mercy seems to have been the order of the past term; for in the late *post-mortem* examination for degrees, only about half a dozen of the whole number of candidates were stopped. The papers set in the Little-go examination showed a determination to let men through if possible, and decidedly any one who could not do a sufficient amount of what was required of him very richly deserved his fate. The addition of the extra forty-two propositions of Euclid cannot mean very much, for men appear in the first class who never thought of doing more than the old standard books, the first and second. If the new portions of Euclid are to be anything more than the farce which the third part of Paley is, it should be made impossible to pass without them. Instead of this, the recent papers, set on the first occasion of an examination in the extended subject, left it quite possible to pass in the first and second books alone, and that, too, without doing correctly every proposition set from those books. It was understood that care had been taken by the Examiners to go thoroughly over the papers in general council, modifying and correcting whatever seemed to need alteration in any particular details. This is a very necessary step, but it did not succeed in one of its professed objects. The algebra paper had no less than three mistakes in it, misprints doubtless, and only two of these were detected by the Examiner when the papers were given out. The third mistake puzzled many of the unfortunate candidates, especially as it occurred in a question which every one was sure to attack early. The same thing has happened before, and it is difficult to estimate the amount of damage done to nervous or ill-prepared men by such a mistake. The time consumed in the unsuccessful struggle to get out what seems to be a simple greatest common measure, where the change of a plus into a minus has rendered it impossible to get out any common measure other than one, is a serious matter for a slow worker, and the destruction of his confidence in his own small powers is still more serious. It is hard to see how the algebra examiner can have had the conscience to pluck one single man; perhaps he has not.

Various erroneous statements having been made respecting Professor Maurice's former connection with the University, it is now announced that he went through the whole University course, at Trinity and Trinity Hall, before leaving Cambridge. But the fact remains that he did not take a degree. He acquired the status of Student of Civil Law (S.C.L.), which is not a degree in the University, but gives a customary right to wear a B.A. hood, and is recognised by the bishops as fulfilling the canonical requirements for ordination. The degree of Bachelor of Laws, to which the S.C.L. is a preliminary, would require many more than the nine terms which Professor

Maurice kept in Cambridge. He afterwards proceeded to Oxford in order to obtain classical honours, having previously taken a First Class in the Cambridge Civil Law Tripos.

Mr. Martin Tupper has translated Professor Selwyn's recent verses on his marvellous recovery, and published his translation in the *Star*. On the other hand a charming rejoinder to the Professor's verses appears in Cambridge. It will be remembered that after returning thanks to all who had in any way assisted or comforted him, Dr. Selwyn addressed himself to the "*rapidissimus juvenum*" who is supposed to have caused the accident, and requested him to keep for the future to the proper side of the road, in accordance with the old adage, "If you go to the left, you are sure to be right; to the right, you are sure to be wrong."

The Professor's words were,—

"Et tu, qui, juvenum rapidissime, non ita justo
Tramite, seu nimium præpete raptus equo,
Sive ipse impellens, lapsus mihi causa fuisti;
Tu mihi, sub Domino, causa quietis, ave!
Sed precor, hoc posthac reminiscere; carpe sinistram;
Dextram occurrenti linquere norma jubet."

To this some one replies, in the name of the unknown culprit, as follows:—

"GULIELMO SELWYN, S.T.P.,

Dom. Margaretæ in Sacra Theologia Lectori. 'Juvenum
Rapidissimus' salutem pristinam exoptat:

Hoc mihi solamen, lapsus si causa, perennis
Carminis e lapsi pectore causa fui.
'Sed precor, hoc posthac reminiscere,' quære quietum,
Sanguine nec calidum scandere rursus equum."

If this is really written by the "fastest of youths," he will receive something much more than forgiveness from the learned Professor for his apt rejoinder. The part he played in the accident is said by general report to be this:—Professor Selwyn's horse was already in a rebellious condition, when a horseman was seen coming on at speed, and the Professor prepared for a plunge to the left hand; the man, however, unexpectedly took the right side, and the Professor's horse naturally shied in the opposite direction from that his rider expected, thereby shaking Dr. Selwyn in the saddle. He had not recovered himself when the horse ran off, and so he had only one stirrup to trust to, and after some hundred yards fell heavily to the ground.

The local examinations conducted by the University came off last week. There is still a steady increase of candidates on the whole, and the novel feature of a girls' examination receives a larger development than last year. A comparison of numbers for the last three years will give a good idea of the progress that is being made by this important educational scheme. In December, 1864, 179 seniors and 655 juniors presented themselves for examination, making a total of 834 boys, "juniors" being boys under sixteen years of age, and "seniors" under eighteen. In December, 1865, there were 231 seniors and 986 juniors, making 1,217 boys. This (1865) was the first year in which the University undertook to examine girls, and 77 seniors with 51 juniors, or 128 girls in all, availed themselves of the opportunity, gaining much credit by the good average of their performances. This made a general total of 1,345 for last year. In the present year, for the examinations which have recently taken place, 213 senior boys, and 1,123 juniors; 1,336 boys in all, entered, with 90 seniors and 112 junior girls, making a grand total of 1,538—an increase of 197 upon last year. It will be seen that the number of juniors increases much more rapidly than seniors; indeed, there is an actual falling off in the senior boys this year as compared with last. It becomes each year more and more imperative that boys should get settled early to the rudiments of their work in life, and thus fewer boys remain at school up to the age of seventeen or eighteen. It is easier, too, for masters in schools of moderate pretensions to bring boys up to the junior standard than to the senior, as the examination of the seniors ranges over wider subjects, and the Examiners are not so much tied down to certain grooves in which the teaching is sure to have run. The steady progress shown by these figures is more satisfactory than a large and spasmodic increase could have been, and indeed a very large increase is not desirable, for the machinery at the command of the University is not unlimited, and it might become difficult to find a sufficient supply of local examiners, and examiners to look over the vast heaps of papers. It is better that the number of examination centres should increase than that the candidates at any given centre should become much more numerous; for it is by influencing a large number of districts, rather than by examining a very large number of boys, that the University will best spread the leaven

so much required by schools in private hands. From this point of view, the progress of the scheme is quietly satisfactory. In 1864, examinations were held at 20 centres; in 1865, at 24 centres for boys and 6 centres for girls; in 1866, at 28 centres for boys and 11 for girls. A statement of the numbers presenting themselves for examination in different subjects will not be uninteresting as indicating the class of young persons examined. Of the 1,235 junior boys and girls examined this year, 1,197 entered for Scripture, 922 for the Church Catechism, and 912 for Whately's Christian Evidences. Of 1,123 junior boys, 668 took in Latin, as did 11 junior girls out of 112, 144 of the junior boys taking Greek also. French and German respectively attracted 787 and 56 junior boys, with 85 and 24 junior girls; pure mathematics, 868 boys and 9 girls, while mechanics only drew 69 boys. Drawing was taken in by 307 junior boys and 24 junior girls, and music by 39 of the former and 21 of the latter. Other optional subjects were not general favourites. Chemistry had 44 boys; zoology, 26 boys and 14 girls; botany 10 boys and 9 girls—a remarkably small proportion, it might be supposed, but not very much smaller than the average of former years. The proportions of the seniors are probably not very different from these, but it would be tedious to go through them in detail.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

MR. HOHLER's second appearance at Exeter Hall, on Friday week (in the Sacred Harmonic Society's performance of the "Messiah"), leaves no doubt as to his present total want of preparation for music of this high order. The uncertainty of his execution and the absence of all that dignity and elevation of style demanded in such a school of art were palpably evident throughout; and his several narrow escapes from what, with an inferior band and less skilful conductor than Mr. Costa, would have been something like a positive break-down, were so manifest to at least a majority of the audience, that it is probable some time will elapse before Mr. Hohler again attempts a style in which he appears to be totally unpractised. It is to be hoped that he will turn this interval to good account by following the example of most artists who seek a public career—that is to say, by seriously and persistently studying both the notes and the spirit of the music which he professes to interpret. A repetition Christmas performance of the "Messiah" by the Sacred Harmonic Society was to take place last evening (Friday), when it was announced that Mr. Sims Reeves would reappear after his prolonged illness.

The last Crystal Palace concert of the year took place on Saturday, when two vocal pieces appropriate to the season were produced—a "Cantique" ("Noël") by Gounod, not before performed in England; and Mr. Macfarren's Cantata "Christmas," for the first time at the Crystal Palace. M. Gounod's work is written for a chorus of female voices, with occasional solos for soprano and contralto, and orchestral accompaniment. There is no pretence at elaborate writing in it, the style being throughout characterized by much of that refinement and grace which distinguishes most of its composer's works; but with little power or elevation of character. It is probably an occasional piece thrown off without much concentration of thought. The solos were expressively sung by Miss L. Pyne and Miss Julia Elton. Mr. Macfarren's Cantata was performed, some three or four seasons since, in one of the concerts of the Musical Society of London. Like most of its author's works, it contains passages of clever writing; and, also like the majority of his productions, but little freshness of character or originality of thought—having the stamp of manufacture rather than of composition properly so called. The tone is too sombre and gloomy throughout for a secular work intended for a festive rather than a religious celebration. Then Mr. Macfarren indulges in a mixture of styles the most antagonistic and anomalous. With a general effort to give a thoroughly English character to his music (which he does sometimes by the most rugged and uncouth phrases, suggestive only of the coarsest aspect of English nature), we are frequently startled by the sudden transition to passages reminding us of modern foreign opera. This is particularly exemplified in the Recitative and Romance, "Welcome blest season;" a very graceful movement, and one of the best pieces in the Cantata, with the rest of which, however, it is totally at variance in character; containing reflections of several different styles, especially that of Weber. The Carol, "A blessing on this noble house," is cleverly constructed on an old English melody, given under various aspects—first in unison, then in choral harmony, and afterwards interspersed with orchestral figurative details, after the fashion in which the old German contrapuntists used to treat the Lutheran chorale. The instrumentation and the writing throughout the Cantata is that of a practised and skilled musician; but, as with too many of Mr. Macfarren's works, it leaves the impression of weariness which is felt after listening to one who talks long, although having but little to say. The orchestral pieces at Saturday's concert were Beethoven's Symphony in D (No. 2) and Mendelssohn's Overture "Melusine"—both given with that finish and perfection for which the Crystal Palace band and its conductor, Mr. Manns, have long been pre-eminent.

The trifling musical piece produced at Covent Garden Theatre on Wednesday scarcely challenges criticism, its chief object being to fill up an hour previous to the commencement of the pantomime. "Terrible Hymen" is a mere sketch, serving as a pretext for half a dozen little songs and duets agreeably sung by Madame Linas Martorelli and Signor Gustave Garcia. The composer, M. Emile Jonas, if not himself French, inclines to the music of that nation—his style being a reflection of that of the lightest of that kind. There is a certain prettiness of melody and dance-like piquancy which are pleasant to listen to during the short time occupied by the piece; which will serve its purpose better than a work of larger pretensions.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

AFTER months of preparation, and an aggregate expenditure upon tinsel, dresses, and scenery that has probably exceeded £100,000, the metropolitan theatres, music-halls, institutions, and entertainment-galleries opened their doors on Wednesday night, and displayed for the first time the result of their outlay and labour. The compound presented is one of wit, fancy, taste, folly, tomfoolery, gaudiness, noise, and music—a compound that may be objected to by individuals, but which unquestionably meets a popular demand. Some few of the London theatres are bold enough to avoid burlesque and pantomime, but these are only the Haymarket, which relies upon Mr. Sothorn; the Holborn, which has not yet exhausted the attraction of "Flying Scud;" and the Lyceum, which, under Mr. Fechter's management, has always carefully abstained from giving Christmas pieces.

The pantomime at Drury Lane is founded upon the well-known Germanic legend of "Number Nip," and is written, as usual, by Mr. E. L. Blanchard. The scenery by Mr. Beverley, and the possession of one of the finest stages in London, always give an importance and value to the pantomimes at this house. The opening is arranged with all that knowledge of stage effect for which Mr. Blanchard is famous; it employs a large number of children, who appear as "Pixies," and it contains a pretty ballet, and a new principal dancer from Dresden. The harlequinade is always well planned at this house, Mr. Boleno, the clown, having a large share of cockney humour.

Covent Garden, which has not been very successful this year with its promenade concerts, has striven hard to regain lost ground with its Christmas piece. The old but highly dramatic Arabian story of the "Forty Thieves" has furnished the material for Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett's "opening" writing, Messrs. Grieve & Morgan's painting, and Mr. Harris's stage management. There is some mystery about the scene-painting, which the advertisements fail to clear up. Mr. Grieve's name is announced in large type and Mr. Morgan's name, in small type, is attached to nearly all the chief pictures. Did Mr. Morgan paint the scenery or Mr. Grieve? This is a Christmas conundrum. The Paynes are inimitable in pantomime, and the ballet includes all the latest novelties from Paris.

At the Princess's, Mr. George Honey has been engaged to support the part of Miss Miggs, in "Barnaby Rudge," and he makes the character even more farcical than it ought to be. Mrs. John Wood, who made it farcical enough, but too pretty, has been transferred to burlesque, in which she was popular in America, and Planche's "Invisible Prince" has been specially revived for her. Mrs. Wood's singing and dancing fit her very well for burlesque, and we can understand why she had a reputation for this kind of acting in America.

The Strand also relies upon burlesque, the author being Mr. F. C. Burnand, and the subject travestied, the stage history of Guy Fawkes. The burlesque has evidently been hastily written, but it is full of characters that fit the peculiarity of the actors, though they have not much resemblance to the persons of the story. The piece is singularly free from word-twisting, and exceptionally full of dancing.

At the Adelphi, Mr. Andrew Halliday has been induced to write another burlesque, founded on the opera of "La Donna del Lago," and called "Mountain Dhu." Mr. Halliday was one of the two authors of "Kenilworth," a most popular burlesque; a gentleman now dead, named Lawrence, being the other. In these pieces much depends upon the chief actor, and Mr. Halliday is fortunate in getting Mr. Toole, after a struggle, to play his hero. Mr. Halliday writes burlesques much in the same style as other writers do: they are all cut from one pattern.

Mr. H. J. Byron, now the lessee and manager of two leading Liverpool theatres—the Royal and Amphitheatre—has written a classical burlesque for the favourite little Prince of Wales's theatre, in Tottenham-court-road, called "Pandora's Box." Miss Wilton is not in the piece, which is a loss to the public, and the weight of it has to be sustained by Mr. John Clarke, who plays Juno much in the same style as Mr. Felix Rogers played Minerva at the New Royalty.

Mr. Sothorn has returned to the Haymarket, and has brought with him a comedy by Mr. Tom Taylor, called "A Lesson for Life," which he has tried with some success in the country. This play was written a few years ago for a company of amateurs and a charitable performance, and is not one of Mr. Taylor's most powerful productions. The serious interest of the story has been somewhat marred to allow of the introduction of some farcical Sothornian business; but the comedy was well received. A

delicate little piece by Mr. Westland Marston, called "A Mere Child," evidently written to exhibit the talents of a Miss Powell, was successfully produced on the same evening. It is worthy of the author of "A Hard Struggle."

At the Lyceum an adaptation of an old French melodrama, in which Frederic Lemaitre, sometimes affectedly called the Great Frederic, appeared thirty years ago, produced by Mr. Fechter. The present adaptation is by Mr. Leslie; but the piece has been played at most of our London theatres under the title of "Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life." It is now called "Rouge et Noir." The dialogue of the piece is rather poor, the incidents are of the "Robert Macaire" order, and the scenery is excellent. Mr. Fechter has an effective part, which he makes the most of; but the drama is very long, playing full four hours. It was very successful.

The St. James's has merely deferred the production of its burlesque to Saturday (to-night), the subject being the opera of "L'Elisir d'Amore," and the author Mr. W. S. Gilbert. This is Mr. Gilbert's first appearance as a burlesque writer, if we except his share in the Astley's pantomime; but he is well known as one of our driest humorists, and most accomplished comic artists.

The New Royalty is able to rely upon the attraction of Mr. Burnand's burlesque of "Black-Eyed Susan," produced a few weeks before Christmas, and Mr. Craven's popular domestic drama, "Meg's Diversion."

The Olympic offers nothing more new to the London public than a revival of Mr. Boucicault's earliest comedy, "London Assurance," which was first read to Mr. Charles Mathews, and still has the advantage of his inimitable acting. The cast is exceptionally strong, Mr. Charles Mathews playing his favourite character of Dazzle.

Astley's Theatre and the Surrey Theatre, though both far removed from the centre of London, have a character different from that of the local theatres. They are both known to and visited by persons who never heard of any other houses in the outskirts, with the exception of Sadler's Wells and the Marylebone, and their entertainments are therefore of a higher class. The Surrey Theatre is always famous for its pantomimes, which have a long run. This year the subject chosen is "A, Apple Pie, or Harlequin, Jack-in-the-Box, and the Little Boy Blue." The ballet is arranged by Mr. Oscar Byrne. At Astley's, now under the management of Mr. Nation, the pantomime is written by Mr. C. Milward and a friend, and it bears the long title of "Hush-a-by Baby on the Tree-Top, or, Harlequin Fortunio, Prince Heydiddle, Princess Olive Branch, King Frog of Frog Island, and the Magic Toys of Lowther Arcadia," and is full of ingenious dances arranged by Mr. Milano, including a doll ballet. The opening, which is rather long, is strong in ladies who are accustomed to burlesque acting, and the scenery is good.

The outlying theatres are all more or less celebrated for their pantomimes, and if their scenery is a trifle more vulgar and garish than that of the central houses, they generally have the advantage of more nimble pantomimists. The pit and gallery patrons of the local theatres are very good judges of acrobatic feats and step-dancing, and are very determined in encoring what they like and opposing what they dislike. The pantomime at the Marylebone Theatre is always written by Mr. Robert Soutar, the well-known actor of the Olympic, and got up by Mr. J. A. Cave, the lessee, an excellent actor and singer, who takes a prominent part in the opening. The subject this year is the nursery story of "Pussy in the Well." At Sadler's Wells, once the chief home of pantomime, the opening is written by Mr. Arthur J. O'Neil, a younger brother of the eminent artist, Henry O'Neil, who thus makes his first appearance as a dramatic writer. At the City of London—a house under the management of Mr. Nelson Lee, who is not only the author of a thousand pantomimes, and glories in naming his villa at Dalston so that it points at this fact, but is essentially the Christmas manager of the Crystal Palace. The pantomime is based upon the same subject as the Marylebone piece, with the difference that it is combined with the "Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," instead of with the "Destroyer of Cock Robin." "Cock Robin" also furnishes the subject of the pantomime at the Victoria Theatre, combined with the nursery legend of "The Babes in the Wood." The pantomime at the Britannia, one of the largest and best regulated local theatres in London, is founded on the old Lyceum burlesque of "The Island of Jewels." The Pavilion has taken the powerful Arabian story of "Sinbad the Sailor." The Alexandra—once known as Highbury Barn—has a local subject called the "Fayre Mayde of Islington," which has the advantage of being supported by music well selected by Mr. Isaacson. The Grecian Theatre, once known as the Eagle Saloon, is provided with a pantomime founded on the "Devil on Two Sticks," and one of the most accomplished pantomimists in London, Mr. G. Conquest. The Effingham has a Christmas piece founded on several nursery stories. The new Greenwich has tacked an harlequinade on to Mr. Burnand's burlesque of "Snowdrop." The Cabinet, a small school for amateurs near King's Cross, has been emboldened to produce a pantomime called "Harlequin, Alfred the Great, or the Magic Banjo and the Mystic Raven," which it proposes to represent twice every evening at 6.30 and 8.30; and the only obscure homes of the drama that remain closed are the Garrick Theatre and the Bower Saloon. The site of the late Standard Theatre is occupied by a great travelling circus.

The Crystal Palace drops its educational pretensions at this period of the year, and devotes its vast space and great resources to Christmas entertainments. A pantomime is performed every

afternoon, called "Little Miss Muffit, she sat on a Tuffit; or Harlequin King Spider." This is provided with a transformation scene, by Messrs. Danson & Sons. The Agricultural Hall, now under the management of the well-known travelling showmen, Messrs. Sanger, is filled with an enormous equestrian company, similar to that first tried at this place with success by Messrs. Strange and Pulleyn. Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, and Mr. John Parry, assisted now by Miss Susan Galton, have revived a musical piece by Mr. Tom Taylor, called "The Family Legend;" the Polytechnic relies upon its talking "decapitated head," and a very clever automaton performance à la Leotard. Madame Stodare has engaged an accomplished ventriloquist, Mr. G. W. Jester, to assist her in her entertainments. The Christy Minstrels, so popular in their performance, have taken the large St. James's Hall, and their success has encouraged "The American Minstrels," a genuine American Company, to start a similar entertainment at the Polygraphic Hall. Mr. Artemus Ward, with all respect to the New York journals who think otherwise, has been exceedingly well received, and "still speaks his piece" to full houses. Madame Tussaud has more kings, heroes, and "horrors" for her Christmas patrons. The Zoological Gardens are opened at reduced prices, and there is no better place to take a party of children to. The Haymarket Theatre is opened every morning with a juvenile company.

The Alhambra competes with its theatrical neighbours in all the meretricious attractions of ballet, pantomime, and "developing" scenery, and surpasses them all in the excellence of its orchestral music. A picked band of sixty instrumentalists, conducted by Mr. Rivière, now performs a dozen pieces every night, amongst which are always two classical overtures and two operatic selections, with numerous solos. Thirty other music-halls of various sizes, from the Oxford and Canterbury Halls, in Oxford-street and Lambeth, to the "Bedford," in Camden Town, have each special attractions for the season. Even this is by no means an exhaustive list. Her Majesty's Theatre is not opened; the Colosseum is dead and buried; but several new theatres are promised, we may almost say threatened.

SCIENCE.

THE attention of the American scientific public has been excited by the alleged discovery in California of a human skull beneath a volcanic deposit of presumably great antiquity. The skull in question is stated to have been found at a depth of 153 feet, in a shaft sunk in the consolidated volcanic ash known locally as "lava," near Angels camp, in Calaveras county. Five beds of this consolidated ash were superimposed, separated by beds of gravel. The skull was found by a miner, from whom it passed into the hands of Professor Whitney, State geologist of California, who visited the locality, and investigated the matter as far as the presence of water in the shaft permitted. He has made a preliminary statement before the California Academy of Natural Sciences, and promises further details as soon as the clearance of the shaft from water will permit a careful scrutiny of the formation. The precise age of the beds in question not being yet authoritatively settled, Professor Whitney is disposed to believe that the eruption of the great mass of volcanic materials on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada begun in the Pliocene age, and that it continued into the Post-pliocene, and possibly to comparatively modern times. The alleged position of the skull is a lower one than any in which the remains of the Mastodon have yet been found, and, therefore, the question of the authenticity of the discovery becomes an important one.—(Abridged from *Silliman's Journal* for November.)

M. Caullier-Gravier, in a communication to the French Academy on the shooting stars observed in the night between the 13th and 14th of November, observes that in 1833, the epoch of the grand maximum, the mean number of meteors per hour at midnight was 130. Since 1833 this number has progressively diminished up to 1860, the epoch of the lowest minimum, for from 130 the number had fallen to 10. But, commencing with 1861, the number has since gone on increasing. In 1863 it had already reached 37; in 1865 it approached 80, and during the present year it reached 94 meteors. There is a wide margin between this and 130, but the year 1867 is not yet arrived. A grand maximum display took place in 1799; from 1799 to 1833 is 34 years; ought we not then to conclude that it is in 1867, as fixed by Olbers, that the grand maximum display of meteorites may be expected to take place.

When a river becomes sluggish—as when it is pent up by a weir—the quantity of organic matter, and also of mineral matter, increases in some cases very considerably; but that is only the case in warm weather, and the temperature of the water must be 55° Fahrenheit and upwards for this effect to be produced. The putrefaction of the mud in the bed of the river then ensues, and the previously insoluble matter becomes soluble matter. The safest and most sensitive test of putrefaction in water is the relative proportion of oxygen to nitrogen in the dissolved gases. A striking instance of the effect of temperature upon the absorption of oxygen by the organic matter of water was afforded by the River Esk in March and June of the present year. On the 3rd of March the temperature of the water in the North Esk was 38° Fahrenheit, and the proportion of oxygen to nitrogen in the dissolved gases was as 1 to 2.02, being the normal proportion in water free from organic matter. On the 21st of June the river emitted a putrid odour,

the temperature of the water was 60° Fahrenheit, and the proportion of oxygen to nitrogen only 1 to 25. Thus the amount of dissolved oxygen was reduced to a mere trace, and the organic matter was in a putrescent condition.—*Dr. Frankland.*

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE directors of the Bank made no alteration in the rate of discount yesterday, nor was any expected. Still, their resources are accumulating rapidly, considerably more than half a million of gold having been sent in during the past week, while the demand for discount is materially less than is customary at this period of the year. From present indications, it appears almost certain that in the commencement of the new year the Bank will have again to reduce their rate from even the present low point of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. One feature may be specially remarked, the low quotation of money on the Stock Exchange. In ordinary years, the dealers are only too glad in the last week of December to borrow from the Bank on the security of stock, but on this occasion there is little or no demand. The repayment of these loans in a great degree counteracts the abundance caused by the release of the dividends, and therefore the fact that scarcely any have been made will act with additional force. The influx of specie from abroad not only remains undiminished, but continues, if anything, on a larger scale than ever. This affords a perfect refutation of the idea that specie movements depend entirely upon the rate of interest. This time last year the Bank minimum was 7 per cent., and gold was steadily flowing out of the country. This year it is just half—viz., $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and we are receiving weekly more than we know what to do with. Last year we were exporting at the rate of a third of a million per week of precious metals to Egypt, India, and China, now the shipments amount to a few hundred pounds. It seems, therefore, pretty conclusive that, so far from a high rate of discount attracting specie here, it is rather calculated to drive it away. This certainly happened during the late crisis, when 10 per cent. was ineffectual to prevent daily withdrawals of gold from the Bank, notwithstanding that the rate in Paris was only 4 per cent. Returning confidence, however, has acted in two ways. First, by causing a decline from 10 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and secondly, by stimulating imports of bullion. At the same time, it is to be feared that trade still suffers, and perhaps may long continue to do so, from the effects of the recent pressure. Hence, while the supply of money increases, the channels for its useful employment are partially cut off. It is by no means satisfactory to know that 3 per cent. next January means a limitation of commerce. Unfortunately, this conclusion is only too likely to be true. On the other hand, the best calculated predictions on the course of trade are constantly found to be at fault. It is not impossible that the Paris Exhibition may give such an impulse to the arts of peace, that the existing depression will cease much more rapidly than it has begun.

In one respect there has certainly been a further recovery. Since the last settlement the funds have risen about 2 per cent., and English railway stocks in a still larger ratio. The public appear to have at last shaken off some of their apathy and to have been quietly making investments which, although individually small, have been considerable in the aggregate. This is especially noticeable with regard to railways. As it has happened over and over again, the low prices have at last brought in buyers. The speculators were not prepared for this movement, or at least did not fancy it so near, and kept building their hopes upon the difficulties which they assumed the railway companies would experience in renewing their debentures. Hence they have been selling for the account, trusting to be able to buy back at a profit, while the public have, on the other hand, been purchasing with the intention of taking up the stock at the time of delivery. When the account-day came round the speculators were not a little embarrassed to find the securities they had undertaken to deliver, and a general rise in prices has been the result. The movement has no doubt been in a great degree promoted by the late judicious reduction in the Bank rate of discount to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It seemed almost impossible that, when money had fallen to so low a point, the best railway companies in the kingdom, of unquestionable solvency and position, should be unable to renew their ordinary loans on reasonable terms. So at least the public appear to have argued. The consequence is that they have bought eagerly at the low prices, while the speculators have sold on the chance

of future difficulty. The latter have got the worst of it, and neither merit nor will obtain any compassion.

As regards Consols, the rise appears mainly due to purchases on banking account. Apart from the large investments of the Bank of England, the joint-stock and private banks find their means increasing at a rate beyond their power of adequately using them in the ordinary manner for the discount of commercial bills. Hence they are compelled to seek other modes of employment. The most obvious is, of course, the Government funds. There are, no doubt, certain disadvantages attaching to this investment. First, the price may fall, and thus what was worth £100 last year may be valued at only £90 now. Many banks keep their reserves in the funds alone, and must, within the last ten years, have experienced a more or less important loss on this score. Secondly, it is not always easy to sell securities. Precisely when one bank wants to sell, all the rest are in the like position, and the competition will necessarily affect prices, if not cause such a plethora of stock in the market that it could only be disposed of at a sacrifice to which no prudent banker would feel justified in submitting. On the other hand, Consols afford at least unimpeachable security. If a banker can afford to hold on, and not part with his property at a period of unusual depression, he will, at the worst, lose but very little, while the bulk of his capital is as safe as if it were in his own strong-box. There is also the chance of gain. The bankers who bought Consols a month or six weeks ago see already a profit of 2 per cent. on their investments, which may be further increased as money becomes more plentiful. As regards the general public, they appear to have comparatively held aloof, a small, though safe, dividend of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. not being in these days sufficiently attractive.

The holidays have, for a time, relieved the public from a whole crop of litigation consequent on the winding-up of defunct companies. The various questions, however, are only deferred, and will come before the courts in full force in the beginning of the year. It is difficult to see what good can arise from these endless suits. If they would bring some offender of high standing to justice they might be of use. It is, however, to be feared that they will not prove successful in this point, but will simply serve to fill the pockets of lawyers at the expense of already unlucky shareholders. The sooner, therefore, they are dropped the better.

THE supply of money in the discount market has somewhat diminished, owing chiefly to the revenue payments to the Bank. The inquiry has not been active, and choice bills are taken at $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. below the Bank rate. The charge for short loans in the Stock Exchange, on English Government securities, is $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The Metropolitan Railway traffic return shows this week an increase of £1,142 over the corresponding period of 1865; the London and North-Western, a decrease of £538; the Glasgow and South-Western, a decrease of £782; and the Great Eastern, an increase of £3,123.

During the last three days the official liquidators of Overend, Gurney, & Company (Limited), have been distributing a payment of 4s. in the pound to the creditors under the sanction of the Court of Chancery. This releases £800,000, which had been deposited at the Bank of England.

In the case of Barnard's Banking Company the chief clerk of the Vice-Chancellor has declined for the present to make the call required, and the case has been adjourned till Hilary Term.

Letters from Paris indicate that various projects are on the tapis for the introduction of new foreign loans, and proposals have been addressed on the subject to various firms, with the well-established dividend-paying securities, despite the plethora of money, nearly all at a heavy discount; however, no encouragement has been held out for launching these schemes for the present.

At the meeting of the Italian Land Company, held on the 22nd instant, the balance-sheet for the year showed a credit balance on profit and loss account of £8,029, including £679 brought forward. Interest was declared at the rate of 5s. per share, being equal to five per cent. on the paid-up capital of the undertaking. It was also decided to write off £2,000 from the preliminary expenses, and to carry forward the balance, amounting to £1,029.

The Imperial Ottoman Bank gives notice that the bearers of bonds of the General Debt (Five per Cent.) of the Ottoman Empire who intend to receive in Europe the current half-yearly interest, must declare their intention at the agencies of the bank in London or Paris, or its correspondents in Frankfurt and Amsterdam, between the 25th December, 1866, and the 3rd January, 1867, inclusive. The necessary forms may be obtained at the Imperial Ottoman Bank.

A report issued by the directors of the Egyptian Trading Company, for the meeting of shareholders at the London Tavern, on Monday, the 31st inst., states that after full allowance has been made for bad and doubtful debts, rebate, and current expenses, and also writing off the amount representing the purchase of Briggs & Co.'s business, a net deficiency is shown of somewhat less than £2 per share. The report further announces that according to the last advices from Egypt, a sum of £2 per share may be calculated upon as available for return during the ensuing month, on account of the last call of £3 per share, and the balance three months later.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

HANS HOLBEIN.*

THE author of this work—a gentleman not less distinguished by his accurate connoisseurship and extensive acquaintance with the literature of art, than by the important official position which they entitle him to hold—has anticipated, by the modest title of his volume, most of the objections which would otherwise have been raised on its perusal by those who expected from his pen a complete biography, or anything approaching to a complete biography of Holbein. Such a book Mr. Wornum, with all the advantages of experience and information which he possesses, with all the research and industry of which he is capable, has not attempted to write; and for the best possible reason, that up to the present time neither such advantages nor such qualities could help him or any one else to achieve the task. Unless some old documents hitherto undiscovered, but which have been mouldering in dust for the last three centuries, should ever come to light—unless time and accident should ever reveal to us facts which at present are buried in obscurity, we fear that the world must rest content with what it knows, and that is very little, regarding the great painter of Augsburg.

Even his birthplace was, until lately, a matter of doubt. The collection of some of his earlier works, and those of his father at Basel, once justified the belief that he was of Swiss parentage. The earliest account of his life and works was not written until two generations after he had died. Writers of the seventeenth century who refer to him, either directly or in connection with a survey of art-history, tell us more of his pictures than of himself. Later authors have merely collated these accounts, or in some cases entangled them in inextricable confusion. Recent discoveries have elucidated a few points which had previously been disputed. But from no source whatever, whether ancient or modern, do we gain sufficient data for the whole story of Holbein's life. All that can be ascertained concerning him personally might be told in a few pages. But the description of his works, their origin, dates, and claims to authenticity, the various places where, and the circumstances under which they were painted—these form sufficient material in themselves to fill a goodly volume. It is such a volume that Mr. Wornum has presented to his readers.

The first biographical sketch of Holbein seems to have appeared in the "Schilder-boek" of Carel van Mander, a Dutch painter. It was published at Amsterdam in 1604. Van Mander tells us that Holbein was born at Basel or at Augsburg in 1498; that he at last settled as a young man in the former city, where he made the acquaintance of the celebrated Erasmus. Holbein, like another celebrated German artist—Albrecht Durer—seems to have been plagued with a very Xantippe of a wife. Partly to escape from this shrew, and partly to better his fortunes, he came to England furnished with a letter of introduction from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, and bearing with him a portrait of that celebrated divine and scholar as a gift for his English friend. Through the interest of Sir Thomas More, with whom he appears to have lived three years, Holbein was at length introduced to the notice of the King (Henry VIII.), into whose service he afterwards entered, probably as a Court painter. Indeed one of his most celebrated portraits of that monarch and those of the royal children—Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth—are spoken of and criticised by Van Mander, who mentions many other contemporary works of art which have since been lost sight of or have passed into foreign collections. Holbein, says his early biographer, worked equally well in oil and water colours; he also painted miniatures of especial excellence; which last art he learnt from one Master Lukas, then in London, whom, however, he "very soon far surpassed." This "Master Lukas," Mr. Wornum supposes (contrary to the belief of both Vertue and Walpole) to have been Luke Hornebolt of Ghent, who was also in King Henry's service, and who survived Holbein only six months. Van Mander concludes by stating that Holbein died poor, and of the plague, in London—facts which no one appears to have disputed; but by the accidental transposition of two figures, he has mis-dated by eleven years the period of Holbein's death, which really occurred in 1545.

Joachim von Sandrart, writing more than half a century later than Van Mander, confirms this account in most respects, and gives, in his "Teutsche Academie" (1675), some additional information, from which Mr. Wornum selects the following anecdote:—

"When Sandrart was studying with Honthorst at Utrecht, in 1627, Rubens paid his master a visit, and they went all three in company together to Amsterdam. While in the canal-boat they entertained themselves with the book of woodcuts of Holbein's 'Triumph of Death' (first published at Lyons in 1538), and Rubens took the opportunity of impressing on Sandrart's young mind the great merit of the designs as works of art, adding that he himself had diligently copied them in his young days."

A contemporary of Sandrart, one Charles Patin, a French physician settled at Basel, published there in 1676 his "Vita Joannis Holbenii Pictoris Basiliensis," by way of preface to a reprint of the "Praise of Folly," by Erasmus. In this account Holbein is described as a licentious toper, whose dissipated habits kept him in a continual state of poverty, who begged his way to England, and who on returning to his native country resumed a life of idleness

and debauchery. We are glad to find so good an authority as Mr. Wornum protesting against this wretched libel, for which there does not seem to have been the shadow of a foundation.

Having thus vindicated the private character of Holbein, Mr. Wornum proceeds to point out some mistakes which have been made by later biographers with respect to his pictorial works, and of these not a few are attributed to Dr. Waagen. That the most learned art-critics and connoisseurs will differ occasionally not only on the merits of an old picture but sometimes regarding its authenticity, we need not feel surprised at. But it is possible for the most superficial dilettante to inform himself of chronological evidence which lies immediately within his reach, and he can hardly escape blame for inaccuracies that may be tested with a measuring rod. Dr. Waagen, both in his "Art Treasures" and "Handbook of Painting," appears to have fallen into errors of fact as well as of judgment regarding the works of Holbein. Dates, which a simple process of arithmetic might have falsified, have been put forward as correct, and in one instance even the quoted dimensions of a picture are extraordinarily wide of the mark. Blunders of such a kind are always vexatious, but in the present case they are doubly to be regretted. If ever there was an "an old master" whose works posterity has been puzzled to verify; if ever there was a painter whose name has been unscrupulously affixed to pictures which, good, bad, or indifferent, he certainly never touched; if ever there was a man whose name was destined to be perpetually confused with those of his relations—such a one is Hans Holbein. On this point it may be as well to let Mr. Wornum speak for himself:—

"I should calculate about three out of every four, if not four out of five, of the pictures ascribed to him to be misnamed; and it is not likely that the tares will now ever be wholly separated from the wheat. If we may judge from the National Portrait Exhibition at South Kensington (1866), it would be no exaggeration to say that not more than one portrait in ten, on an average, of those ascribed to Holbein, are the veritable work of his own hands. Hampton Court Gallery may serve also as an illustration of this abuse of his name; of some thirty works attributed to Holbein in this Royal collection, very few can be absolutely depended on. His father and mother, on the same panel; Frobenius and Erasmus, as a pair, and the latter writing, are perhaps unquestionable; the Reskimer, and the Henry VIII. with the scroll, may be questioned, the latter particularly; of the whole mass we cannot accept more than one-fifth as genuine; a second fifth may be considered doubtful, and the other three-fifths not doubtful at all, but very certainly not Holbein's. A portrait called Holbein himself, has the monogram, somewhat rubbed certainly, of Hans Baldung, commonly called Grien, and is dated 1539. In the wardrobe accounts of the effects of Henry VIII., preserved in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, is a catalogue of pictures, &c., drawn up in 1547. The names of the painters are not mentioned; but among the hundred and thirty-one pictures here enumerated that belonged to Henry, are certainly a few that can be traced to Holbein, as, for example, two portraits of the Duchess of Milan, and perhaps some one or more of the four portraits of the King himself."

After enumerating the various places—Augsburg, Basel, Munich, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, Darmstadt, and Paris—where the principal works of Holbein are to be seen, Mr. Wornum passes on to describe these works in their chronological order. At Augsburg the careful student of this master would at first be surprised, if not somewhat perplexed, to find how many of Holbein's own name and family had followed the same calling. Hans Holbein's signature is attached to a large picture of the Blessed Virgin and Infant Christ, dated 1459. This was probably painted by a great uncle of the Holbein. Considerable doubt, however, prevails on their precise relationship; and though the works of this "Alte Holbein," as Passavant calls him, can be tolerably well identified in style, &c., no very reliable evidence exists regarding his individual history.

Hans Holbein, the second known painter of that name, was one of a family of five children, born at Augsburg, in 1459 or 1460. One of his brothers (Sigmund) also became an artist. The earliest work attributed to the second Holbein is a small "Madonna and Child," in the Moritz Kapelle, at Nuremberg, signed Hans Holbein, and dated (apparently) 1492. In the Augsburg Gallery there are three paintings by the same hand, and in the Basilica of St. Paul a subject picture, in which the portrait of young Hans (our hero) was once popularly supposed to have been introduced. In Munich, Augsburg, Frankfurt, Basel, and Schleissheim, are many other examples of more or less importance; but as this artist seems to have made a trade of his calling, sometimes by painting rapidly for mere gain, and sometimes by leaving the completion of his work to 'prentice hands, it is no wonder that his pictures vary considerably in merit. In 1516 he settled in, or at least visited, Basel with his three sons, Ambrose, Hans (the subject of the present memoir), and Bruno, all of whom were destined to continue the practice of that art which seemed traditional in their family. Bruno, however, died young; and though Sigmund lived to be a prosperous painter, whose works must still exist in great number, one only (at Nuremberg) can be identified by his signature.

We will not attempt to follow Mr. Wornum through all the various doubts, conjectures, and scraps of evidence with which he has filled the first portion of his book in endeavouring to distinguish between the brothers, uncles, and great uncles of the Holbein whose fame appears to have far outshone, rather than eclipsed, that of his relations. We should prefer to pass on to, and briefly recount such details as that great artist's own life and works afford for comment. But, in truth, there is little in the way of biographical narrative to add, and the information which Mr. Wornum

* Some Account of the Life and Works of Hans Holbein, Painter, of Augsburg. With numerous Illustrations. By Ralph Nicholson Wornum, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. London: Chapman & Hall.

gives us regarding the pictures of Holbein is not arranged in a form which can be easily abridged. Hans was born either in 1494 or the following year. Brought up in his father's studio, and accustomed at an early age to the *mécanique* of his art, it is probable that his taste was to some extent influenced by the companionship of his uncle Burgkmair, who, as a painter, had visited Italy. Four groups (painted on wood) in the Augsburg Gallery are his earliest known works—possibly painted under the direction of his father. Another series includes the "Martyrdom of St. Catherine," and this bears an inscription which plainly sets forth that it was painted by young Holbein in his seventeenth year.

"The upper part of the panel," writes Mr. Wornum, "which is not much more than 3 feet square altogether, is enriched with some very bold Cinque-cento arabesques in gold, mingled with amorini, executed evidently *con amore*, his natural love of art for its own sake even now rebelling against the trammels of tradition. And this practically sudden rejection of the geometrical vagaries of the ecclesiastical stonemason, which overwhelm the works of his immediate elders, for the rich play of floriated curves intertwined with living nature is not one of the least indications of Holbein's ability and originality. He never lost his love for Cinque-cento ornament; no man has applied it in a more masterly manner for the decoration of silver work."

We quote this passage in illustration of young Holbein's early ingenuity, rather than in approval of the author's sentiments regarding decorative art. We have always considered the plate and jewellery designed by Holbein, like the work of Cellini himself, beautiful *in spite* of the style which those artists helped to illustrate, and not because they adopted it. Cinque-cento ornament is, no doubt, preferable to the extravagances of late Gothic work; but we must not forget that there was a still earlier style in mediæval Europe which surpassed them both in purity of taste, though it might not boast such able execution.

In 1516, young Holbein, as we have seen, removed to Basel, where he practised his art with great skill but, probably, with little profit. The fashion was then to paint buildings of importance, both inside and out, with figure and arabesque decoration, and it is known that his brush was employed in this manner for some time. Altorf, Lucerne, and other places, still boast of his works, and a large "Ecce Homo," in the possession of M. Tillier, at Berne, was also attributed to Holbein. In 1519 he painted the portrait of his future patron, Bonifacius Amerbach, whom Erasmus described as "a man of but one failing"—he was modest to a fault. In the Basel Rathhaus, Holbein executed those important frescoes the fame of which has reached us by tradition, though the works themselves, with the exception of a few interesting fragments, have long since perished. A few years later, Holbein appears to have turned his attention to drawing on the wood, and he was employed by Froben, a celebrated publisher of the day, to embellish the writings of Erasmus, whose acquaintance he thus made for the first time.

To describe, or even to enumerate, half the works which Holbein undertook and completed, whether in his own country or during his sojourn in England, would be impossible in such a notice as the present. Yet little else remains to be told. He arrived here towards the close of the year 1526, and took up his residence in London during a period which promised to be one of the most exciting and momentous in British history. He returned for two years, however, to Basel, where he completed his paintings in the Town-hall. We find him again in London in 1531, and not long afterwards he was presented to the King. By lengthy but graphic descriptions of the pictures which Holbein executed at this stage of his career, by interweaving with such descriptions some account of the personages whose portraits he painted, by introducing here and there an appropriate anecdote, and by adding some well-timed allusions to the familiar history of our country, the Court gossip, and social habits of the day, Mr. Wornum has managed, not only to swell the size of his volume, but to give it additional interest for the general reader. We cannot but regret, however, that a better system was not adopted in arranging its contents. The book is a pleasant one in some respects; it is a useful one in many respects; but it might have been made both more useful and more pleasant by a little management. As it is, it not only combines the several functions of a biography, a critical essay, and a chronological index, but it is sometimes each in turn, precisely when one might expect it to be the other. This peculiarity, combined with Mr. Wornum's conscientious desire to detail the mistakes, and even doubts, of less-informed writers, tends to distract the general reader, especially when he finds the same dates and facts recurring under various conditions at different stages of the narrative. In spite of these drawbacks, however, we can only repeat that the volume is both entertaining and serviceable, while the research and refined taste of its author are evident in almost every page.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.*

It is pleasant and gratifying to see England's greatest and most accomplished philosopher unbend from the toil of abstract research to devote his well-earned intervals of leisure to popularizing science, and endeavouring to adapt to the comprehension of all classes of the community the most recently-garnered knowledge of the universe, and its laws; knowledge, in the discovery of which he

has, in conjunction with his illustrious father, so industriously and successfully laboured. Those who remember Sir John Herschel's world-famous "Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy"—which has lured so many into the paths of science—in which the clearness and simplicity, yet eloquence, of the language, formed an appropriate clothing for thoughts and arguments equally admirable, will expect to find in the present volume something superior both in matter and style to the ordinary lecture literature of the day. Nor will they be disappointed. It is not always that men of the greatest capacity for original research and quarrying the ore of knowledge from the mine, succeed the best in irradiating the subjects on which they discourse; but Sir John Herschel has the happy knack of so dissecting and unfolding his subject, as to make its relationships self-apparent, of so arranging his facts as to give to each its due prominence, thus presenting the object to the reader clear and bright, with the luminous impress of his own genius, in a form which defies misapprehension, and, we were about to say, forgetfulness. As the touch of the pencil of a great artist reveals in the aspect of vulgar things beauties before undiscovered, so is it the prerogative of genius of another order, to place facts hitherto found uninviting or repulsive, in a point of view in which they become invested with deep significance, and enchain the interest of the reader.

The volume before us comprises fourteen lectures on the following subjects:—About Volcanoes and Earthquakes—the Sun—on Comets—the Weather and Weather Prophets—Celestial Measurements and Weighings—on Light (three lectures)—on Sensorial Vision—the Yard, the Pendulum, and the Metre—on Atoms—on the Origin of Force—on the Absorption of Light by Coloured Media in connection with the Undulatory Theory—on the estimation of skill in Target-shooting; and of all we may exclaim "*nihil tetiget quod non ornavit*," for there is not one in which we have not found facts with which we were previously familiar, presented to the mind's eye either more tersely, more elegantly, or more clearly, than it has ever been our lot to see them stated before.

The most important office of the sun in our system is to keep it together, to keep its members from parting company, from *seceding*, and running off into outer darkness, out of the reach of the genial influence of his beams. Were the sun annihilated, each planet would from that moment set forth on a journey into infinite space in the direction in which it happened then to be moving, and wander on, centuries after centuries, lost in that awful abyss which separates us from the stars, and without making any sensible approach, even to the nearest of them, in many hundreds, or even thousands of years. The power by which the sun is enabled to perform this office—"to gather the planets round its hearth and keep them there"—being the same in kind with that which when a stone is thrown up into the air draws it down again to the earth. The sun or the moon may be covered by a threepenny-piece held at arms length; but it takes a house or a church, or a great tree, to cover it on a near horizon, and a hill or a mountain on a distant one, so that it must be at least as large as any of these objects. Among the ancient Greek philosophers there was a lively dispute as to the real size of the sun. One maintained that it was "precisely as large as it looks to be"—a thoroughly Greek way of getting out of a difficulty. All the best thinkers among them, however, clearly saw that it must be a very large body. One of them—Anaxagoras—went the length of saying that it might be as large as all Greece, for which he got laughed at. But he was outbid by Anaximander, who said it was twenty-eight times as large as the earth. We now know that at the distance of the sun, the territory of Greece would be absolutely invisible; and that even the whole earth, if laid upon the sun, would not cover more than one thirteen-thousandth part of its apparent surface. The mean distance of the sun, deduced from observing the transits of Venus, is 91,500,000 miles. The distance of a body being known, its true size may be calculated from its apparent size, or, as astronomers call it, its angular diameter; and in this way the real diameter of the sun is estimated to be about 850,000 miles. By railway, at an average rate of forty miles an hour, we might travel round the world in twenty-six days and nights. At the same rate it would take more than 260 years to get to the sun. The initial velocity of the ball from a rifled cannon is about 400 yards per second. Travelling at this speed it would be more than thirteen years and a quarter journeying to the sun, and the sound of the explosion (supposing it conveyed with the same speed that sound travels in our atmosphere) would not arrive till half a year later. Even light, the speed of which is such that it would travel round the globe in less time than any bird takes to make a single stroke of his wing, requires seven and a half minutes to reach us from the sun. If a circle six feet in diameter represent a section of the sun through its centre, a similar section of the earth would be about the size of a fourpenny-piece; a circle concentric with it, representing the size of the moon's orbit, would have for its diameter only 39½ inches, or very little more than half the sun's. Conceive a globe concentric, with the earth on which we stand, large enough not only to fill the whole orbit of the moon, but to project beyond it on all sides into space almost as far again on the outside, and some idea of the magnitude of the sun will be obtained. Let us suppose the little fourpenny-piece removed 12,000 of its own diameters—that is to say, 210 yards from our six-feet sphere (for that would be the relative size of its orbit), it becomes an invisible point requiring a strong telescope to define it. It occupies only the 75,000th part of the circumference of the circle it describes about the sun. So that 75,000 of such earths at that distance and in that circle,

* Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects. By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart. K.H., M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S. L. & E., Hon. M.R.I.A., F.R.A.S., Member of the Institute of France, &c., &c., &c. London and New York: Alexander Strahan.

placed side by side, would be all equally well warmed and lighted; and then that is only in one plane,—there is the whole sphere of space above and below unoccupied, at any single point of which, if our earth were placed at the same distance, it would receive the same amount of light and heat. Take all the planets together, great and small, the light and heat they receive is only one 227-millionth part of the whole quantity thrown out by the sun. All the rest escapes into free space, and is lost among the stars, or does there some other work that we know nothing about. Of the small fraction utilized by our own system, the earth takes one-tenth part, or less than one 2,000-millionth part of the whole supply. As to the actual temperature or intensity of heat at the surface of the sun, calculation shows it to be 90,000 times greater than the intensity of sunshine here on our globe at noon and under the equator. The heat thrown out from every square yard of the sun's surface is equal to that which would be produced by burning on that square yard six tons of coal per hour—a quantity sufficient, properly applied, to keep a 63,000-horse steam-engine at work. The most brilliant and beautiful light that can be artificially produced is that of a ball of quicklime kept intensely heated by the flame of mixed oxygen and hydrogen gases playing on its surface; but if such a ball be held between the eye and the sun, when viewed through a glass sufficiently darkened to permit its being looked at without inconvenience to the eye, it appears as a black spot on the sun. It has been determined by experiment that the brightness, the intrinsic splendour of the surface of such a lime-ball is only 146th part that of the sun's surface. Or, in other words that the sun gives out as much light as 146 balls of quicklime, each the size of the sun, and each heated in the way described. The light of the sun is quite as necessary as its heat to the life and well-being of plants and animals. Every ray of light which comes from the sun is not a simple but a compound thing, consisting of three if not more distinct sorts or species of rays, of which one affects the eye, as light, one the sense of feeling and the thermometer, as heat, and one the chemical composition of everything it falls upon, and which produces all the effects of photography. A ray of light is a world in miniature, and each of these three classes consists of absolutely innumerable species or sorts, every one of which is separated from every other by a boundary line as sharp and as distinct as that which separates Kent and Sussex on a map. Sir John Herschel is of opinion that there exist three inherently distinct species of light, each competent, *per se*, to excite the sensation of one of three primary colours, by whose mixture all compound tints are produced, white consisting of their totality, and black being the exponent of their entire absence. That, moreover, each of them is distributed throughout, or nearly throughout, the spectrum, according to its own peculiar law of intensity, and that the prismatic spectrum coloured as we see it, is the result of their superposition on the same ground. In this view of the subject the prismatic colours, with the exception of the extreme red, are all more or less mixed tints, and this agrees well with its general aspect, in which the red and indigo blue are the only full and pure tints, the green being by no means a saturated or full green, and the violet having a strong dash of purplish-red in it. According to Sir John's view, the three primary colours are red, green, and blue, each in its highest degree of purity and undilution. While the admixture of any one, in however small a proportion, will produce a rich though a mixed tint, that of both the others tends to dilution. An artist would name yellow instead of green as the intermediate primary; but all the colours he is in the habit of mixing are compound tints, and in all the yellows which he uses there is a large admixture of red with green, and in all his blues more or less green. "The direct mixture," says Sir John Herschel, "of the prismatic yellow and blue, in whatever proportions, can nohow be made to produce green, as Professor Maxwell's, M. Helmholtz's, and my own experiments, have distinctly proved, while that of the prismatic green and red does produce yellow." Not improbably beings exist in other spheres, if not here on earth, whose vision is sensitive to those rays of the spectrum which extend far beyond the violet or its lavender prolongation, and which we know at present only by their powerful photographic activity and their agency in producing that singular species of phosphorescence to which Professor Stokes has given the name of fluorescence.

A powerful party have recently attempted to carry a Bill through Parliament, having for its object the entire abolition of our national system of weights and measures, and the substitution in its place of what is termed the French metrical system. Under the specious guise of greater scientific accuracy and a more philosophic foundation, neither of which assumptions can stand a scrutiny of the facts, it claims to enlist under its banners, as a matter of course, all lovers of progress. We are glad to see the absurd pretensions of the advocates of the metrical system dissected by the master hand of Sir John Herschel, and to find that the influence attached to his name and example will be ranged on the side of common sense.

"The question is," says Sir John Herschel, "whether we are to throw overboard an existing, established, and, so to speak, ingrained system—adopt the metre as it stands for our standard, adopt, moreover, its decimal subdivisions, and carry out the change into all its train of consequences, to the rejection of our entire system of weights, measures, and coins. If we adopt the metre we cannot stop short of this. It would be a standing reproach and anomaly, a change for changing's sake. The change, if we make it, must be complete and thorough. And this in the face of the fact that England is, beyond all question, the nation whose commercial relations, both internal and external, are the greatest in the world, and that the British system of measures is received and used, not

only throughout the whole British empire (for the Indian 'Hath,' or revenue standard, is defined by law to be eighteen British imperial inches), but throughout the whole North American continent, and (so far as the measure of length is concerned), also, throughout the Russian empire, the standard unit of which, the Sagene, is declared by an Imperial ukase to contain *exactly* seven British imperial feet, and the Archine and Vershock precise fractions of the Sagene. Taking commerce, population, and area of soil, then, into account, there would seem to be far better reason for our Continental neighbours to conform to *our* linear unit, could it advance the same or a better, *a priori* claim, than for the move to come from our side."

This better claim Sir John Herschel conclusively establishes; and, we need hardly say, there is no necessary connection between any particular unit of length, whether metre or yard, and any particular system of notation, whether decimal or otherwise, or between the unit of linear measure and any definite system of numerical multiplication and aliquot subdivision of such unit and its derivatives, which may be adopted either to assist the transactions of the merchant or subserve the purposes of the mass of mankind in the ordinary intercourse of every-day life.

CHRISTMAS GIFT-BOOKS.*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

NUMBERLESS works, illustrated by engravings on wood, continue to crowd the windows of our publishers. The present is pre-eminently an era of wood-cutting. In this department the engraver has his widest field. Weekly the comic and other journals, monthly the Magazines, yearly the Christmas books teem with the impressions of his sculpture. Further than this, the ablest designers of pictures have turned their attention to the drawing of subjects for the express purpose of execution in wood, and are gradually gaining a knowledge of the manner best adapted to the material, while the engraver, on his part, acquires from time to time fresh facility in translating the intention of the designer. But in this art, as in most others, this is an age of transition, or rather, of tentation, and it can hardly be admitted that the artists and wood-cutters thoroughly understand each other; otherwise we should not meet with those peculiar phenomena which give to many engravings the aspect of blots, and that effect which, in the slang of the studio, is called "scattered." These reflections are by no means universally applicable, though hardly a series of wood-engravings of modern execution is free from some example of such defects.

We are glad to turn first to a work possessing hardly one engraving which manifests any misunderstanding between composer and performer. "Roses and Holly," a gift-book for all the year, is a selection of pieces and passages from our poets and standard prose authors, illustrated by highly-finished and delicate engravings executed by Mr. R. Paterson. The drawings of Mr. John Lawson stand distinguished amongst the rest for beauty of design, and delicacy of finish; and of these we would especially name as excellent, the illustrations to Edgar Poe's "Annabel Lee," to the Scottish ballad of "The Twa Sisters," to Longfellow's "Children's Hour," and to Sir Walter Raleigh's "Soul's Errand." These are all remarkable for great refinement of drawing, thoughtfulness of design, and simplicity of sentiment. Another excellent drawing is that by George Hay of Scott's Antiquary bargaining with Maggie the fishwoman.

"How much for the bannock-flute and cock-paddle?" demanded the Antiquary. "Four white shillings and saxepe," answered the Naiad. "Four devils and six of their imps!" retorted the Antiquary; "do ye think I am mad, Maggie?" "And dive ye think," rejoined the virago, setting her arms akimbo, "that my man and my sons are to gae to the sea in weather like yestreen and the day—and sic a sea as it's yet outby—and get naething for their fish and be misca'd into the bargain, Monkbarns? It's no fish ye're buying—it's men's lives." The artist has well depicted the attitude, gesture, and expression of the woman, who stands firmly with her feet far asunder, and her head thrust forward in a manner indicative of her professional zeal. Mr. Macwhirter has furnished landscape illustrations of the four seasons and of night and morning. Of these, his best is that of autumn, in which the clear sparkling light of morning on the cloud-rack above and on the cornfield beneath are rendered with freshness and truth. Mr. Charles Doyle's subjects are of the comic kind, and are treated in a quaint and original manner. Perhaps his best is in illustration of Thackeray's "Sorrows of Werter," representing a very pretty nonchalante Charlotte who, after the suicide of her lover,—

* *Roses and Holly*: a Gift-book for all the Year. With original Illustrations by Gourlay Steell, R.S.A.; R. Herdman, R.S.A.; Clark Stanton, A.R.S.A.; Samuel Bough, A.R.S.A.; John Macwhirter, John Lawson, and other eminent Artists. Engraved by R. Paterson. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo.

Heber's Hymns. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

The Spirit of Praise: a Collection of Hymns, Old and New. London: F. Warne & Co. New York: Scribner, Welford, & Co.

The Book of Martyrs. By John Foxe. Revised, with Notes and an Appendix, by the Rev. William Bramley-Moore, M.A., Incumbent of Gerrards Cross, Bucks. With Illustrations by G. H. Thomas, John Gilbert, G. Du Maurier, J. D. Watson, A. B. Houghton, W. Small, A. Pasquier, R. Barnes, M. E. Edwards, T. Morten, &c. Engraved by W. L. Thomas. London and New York: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated by John Gilbert. Complete Edition. London: George Routledge & Sons.

Leaves from a Christmas Bough. By E. Boyd. Ornamented by A. L. Bond. Same Publishers.

"Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread-and-butter."

The tail-piece of Sidney Smith's *Mrs. Partington* endeavouring to mop up the storm-swollen waves of the Atlantic is likewise very humorous. The work, taken altogether, containing as it does many gems of English literature illustrated in the manner described, forms a very entertaining volume. It is, however, a question whether it were not well for publishers to pause before multiplying selections from published works. Would it not be better to edit illustrations alone, explained by their titles or by short quotations, from which the inquirer might refer to the original work—his Shakespeare or Scott for further particulars? Surely many would be glad to avail themselves of the new-art work of such books as these without being obliged to buy in an extensive form passages out of works the complete editions of which they possess on their shelves.

Two of the volumes before us are books of Hymns—one a general selection, the other a collection of hymns composed by Bishop Heber. The latter is illustrated in a somewhat too fanciful manner. The borders and capital letters are of various styles, and such conceits are introduced as a monument with the hymn upon it as an inscription. The really best things in the book are unquestionably two unobtrusive tailpieces by Mr. W. Small, entitled "The Star of Bethlehem" and "The Return to Jerusalem." These are both ably designed and well drawn, and "The Return to Jerusalem" is finished with great richness. Mr. Wilfrid Lawson contributes two well-conceived designs, representing sickness and recovery from sickness. Of the other subjects, "Magdalen at the foot of the Cross," by Mr. Allen, and "Why stand ye idle here," with the initials S. J. C., are among the best.

The "Spirit of Praise" is a collection of hymns old and new, classified according to their subject, under sections such as Prayer, Faith, Patience; and includes translations from works of various countries, in addition to the compositions of our own poets and divines. The decorations of this work are more consistent, and in a far better style than those of the book last mentioned, and a well-designed rubric has been judiciously introduced. Each section is illustrated by a frontispiece by Mr. Burlison, printed in a delicate brown, with a flat gold background. This method produces a *fade* effect which is unfavourable to a complete appreciation of the designs. There is one well drawn subject by Mr. Pinwell, but it is difficult to understand the nature of the background, and the strong shade on the face disfigures its expression. There is an excellent design by Mr. T. Dalziel at page 79, representing the Israelites leaving Egypt. It is finely grouped and well drawn, and the activity and movement in direction of the Divine pillar of cloud are well expressed. The treatment is worthy of a larger and more detailed picture. There is scarcely room to allude to the many landscapes by the same artist, which are mostly of a solemn kind.

A new edition of "Foxe's Book of Martyrs" will not seem to our readers a merry book for the merry season of Yule. Yet it may not be amiss in days of tolerance to look back on the brave endurance of these who, through sufferings and blood, have led the way to the liberty and privilege we now enjoy. This work is illustrated by numerous large wood engravings of varied merit. One of the most spirited illustrations in the book is by Mr. F. Lawson, and represents the repulse of Mario by Giavanel near the town of Rora, in Piedmont, on one of those occasions in which the persecuted and desperate Waldenses were enabled by the superiority of their position to wreak on their enemies a most terrible destruction. Enormous masses of rock are being hurled from above on a crowd of armed men attempting to scale the height, and thrown into complete disorder by this unexpected mode of warfare, accompanied by an ambuscade fire on the flank. The scene is altogether finely designed and boldly drawn. Mr. Filder is represented by several subjects vigorously treated, among which may be specially mentioned George Marsh being led to execution, "who, as he went, kept intently reading a book." The strength of the outlines is here and there obtrusive, but the power and expression of the heads is very great. A sad scene in the barony of Trelawney, in Ireland, of men, women, and children driven by armed men into the sea, is well depicted by Mr. Houghton. Brousson in prayer previous to his death, with his executioner by his side, is a subject forcibly treated by Mr. Small, who possesses a power of arranging well-balanced masses of black and white similar to that for which Mr. Du Maurier is conspicuous. We are sorry to see only one illustration from the hand of the latter artist, but the manner alluded to is here well manifested. The subject is treated with great simplicity, and the chief pictorial effect is achieved by a dark figure near the centre of the scene strongly relieved against the light of the burning faggots behind. The four martyrs who died together are depicted in an attitude of dignity, but with a wise tact, are kept too far off to require a detailed indication of expression in the heads. Miss Edwards is favourably represented by several illustrations of considerable merit, especially one in which a girl stands at the edge of a precipice with uplifted hands and flowing hair, whence, to avoid the maltreatment of the Piedmontese soldiery, she threw herself into the ravine below, to the destruction of her life. The woodcuts throughout this work are rather coarsely executed, and many of them are deficient in gradation of tone and breadth of effect. The treatment in Miss Edwards' works is exceptional to the last charge, and, for general effect, they are among the best in the book. The one mentioned above is an example of this remark. The composition of light and shade is simple and

good, and the repetition of the strong light of the figure in the lower part of the sky gives to the scene a tender pathos. The illustrations by Mr. Pasquier are remarkable for fertility of composition and dramatic action, and recall the flowing pencil of Gilbert. The last-named artist has contributed one engraving showing the departure of the bishop and clergy from Toulouse on the occasion of a quarrel with the Protestant baron of that place.

We are glad to turn at length to a new edition of the complete works of the genial and kindly poet, Longfellow, illustrated entirely by John Gilbert. The calibre of this artist is well known, and these illustrations support his high fame as a successful master of composition and design, though, unless his colour as well as his drawing is present to the eye, only half his genius appears, and there is a conventional manner about his handling which we can only forget in the splendour of his contrasts and the harmony of his tones. The pieces, which are for us the most attractive, are the smaller subjects which are designed with a great simplicity of design and majesty of chiaroscuro. Amongst these are the Burial of the Minnesink, Seaweed, the *Mayflower* at Anchor, the Bridge at Midnight, the "figures ten in the mist marching slowly out of the village," and again, the scene suggested by the stanza—

"Then the moon in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light."

It remains to us to notice "Leaves from a Christmas Bough." Why these leaves were ever gathered must ever remain a mystery, for they are but withered ones; suffice it to say that we cordially agree with the author in his well-intentioned Christmas greetings.

"Bring the cheerful gambols in,
With shout and din!
Bob the apple; run and find,
Though bound and blind,
And singing, welcome Christmas dear,
The merriest day of all the year!"

THE GAY SCIENCE.*

(THIRD AND CONCLUDING NOTICE)

WE will now proceed to examine some of Mr. Dallas's other views. In the chapter on "The Hidden Soul" (vol. i. pp. 199-254), he evidently relies not so much on his own knowledge, as he presumes upon the reader's ignorance. In this spirit he makes the assertion (p. 203), that Mill recognises the existence of "unconscious thought." Now either Mr. Dallas misunderstands, or else misrepresents, Mr. Mill. We believe that he does the former, for error is the chief characteristic of the "Gay Science." Mr. Mill's doctrine is, however, exactly the reverse to this, as Mr. Dallas may see by turning to the "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," pages 271-287. Mr. Dallas's views about what he chooses to call the "Hidden Soul," are not so much moonshine, as lunacy. His theory seems to be that the mind is like a pear, which, if you put it aside, will ripen by itself. His views, too, about the imagination, are equally sensible. Thus he writes, "the nature of the work performed by the imagination is not peculiar to itself. What is peculiar to itself is, that the work is done automatically and secretly" (vol. i. p. 307). Now this explanation is about as valuable as if a savage should say of a wax lucifer match—"what is peculiar to a wax lucifer match is, that the work is done automatically and mysteriously." The savage does not gain a whit clearer idea of the nature of a wax lucifer match than we do, by Mr. Dallas's explanation, of the nature of the imagination. But if Mr. Dallas were right instead of being so utterly wrong in his first principles, he could never make a good critic. He possesses none of the great requisites. Neither earnestness, nor eloquence, nor charm of style, are his. We laugh at his pathos, and grow dull over his humour. In a word we find no sincerity. Scratch the critic and the Philistine appears. Diderot says of every great work of art—"Il est seul. On ne l'apprécie qu'en le rapportant immédiatement à la nature. Et qui est-ce qui fait remonter jusque-là? Un autre homme de génie." In that last sentence lies Mr. Dallas's utter condemnation. He cannot appreciate genius. Thus he calls that eccentric rhymester, Matthew Green, "a true poet" (vol. i. p. 219), and considers "Clarissa Harlowe" "the finest novel in the English language" (vol. ii. pp. 162, 163). Thus, too, he tells us that the famous *ἀνήμερον γέλασμα* of Æschylus should be translated "uncontrollable laughter" (Poetics, pp. 208, 209), which has always raised uncontrollable laughter in us. So, too, from the same cause, Mr. Dallas is utterly unable to appreciate the great questions—the religious, the ethical, the political, and social movements—of the day. His chapters called "Ethics of Art" and "Ethical Currents" are, for the most part, composed of a literary man's gossip and a woman's reasons. Mr. Dallas appears to be terrified by the very first glimpse of sense. If, however, we do come upon anything which is more than usually brilliant, we may feel pretty sure that, like a false gem, it is made with paste. We cannot here possibly discuss these great questions, unless we also had two large octavo volumes at our disposal. But we can deal with Mr. Dallas in a shorter way. The best test of a

* The Gay Science, By E. S. Dallas. London: Chapman & Hall.

man is his style. That reveals his true nature. Now Mr. Dallas's style often consists of a bankrupt literary man's stock of phrases. Thus, for instance, he treats us to the flyblown lost Pleiad metaphor (vol. i. p. 300), and twice over to the old Aaron rod simile (vol. i. pp. 257, 260), and once to the damaged German Camel, and depths of consciousness story (vol. i. p. 30). We can only say that we wish once for all that Aaron's rod would swallow the camel and the lost Pleiad, and then jump down its own throat. On the other hand, Mr. Dallas's style, when not commonplace, is marked by the most evident straining after fine things. Thus he writes, "cobblers, that sang like Hans Sachs, were powerful in honied words as well as in waxed threads; masons that built the lofty rhyme; tailors that sang like swans, while they plied the goose; smiths that filed verses, not less than iron tools, &c." (vol. i. p. 141). The strained antithesis, the false wit, will be apparent to everybody. The passage smells not so much of midnight oil, as it reflects the flare of midnight gas. We would remind Mr. Dallas, of Quintilian's weighty words—"Ubique ars ostentatur, veritas absesse videtur." Again, to give a shorter example—"To-morrow comes inky thought" (vol. ii. p. 222). What this means we cannot tell. Certainly, in Mr. Dallas's own work, ink and thought are far enough removed. Again, to give another specimen—"Mr. Ruskin's words come from his mouth like emperors from the purple" (vol. i. p. 193). This, too, we don't understand. We have, however, heard of purple emperors, a species of butterfly, which on the whole makes better sense, and would imply that Mr. Ruskin spoke, something like Homer's heroes, *ἔπεα πτερόεντα*. But this monotony of fine writing is sometimes happily relieved by flashes of sheer nonsense. In this strain Mr. Dallas observes that "A child calls every man it sees Papa; it calls every bird Polly; it calls the dog Puss; it runs to eat the snow for sugar" (vol. i. p. 296). Here Mr. Dallas evidently tries to repeat the miracle of St. Bernard, who roused people by discourses, of which they could not understand a word. Sometimes, too, his style is brightened by the wit of alliteration, which we the other day ventured to call the wit of the dictionary. Thus Mr. Dallas writes of "the pet parson to the pet pugilist" (vol. ii. p. 275), which is nearly as fine as "Peter Piper picking pepper." So, too, he talks of "dreams of tallow, or treacle, or turnips, or tare and tret" (vol. i. p. 180), which we must candidly allow is a great deal finer than our old friend Peter. The characteristic, however, of Mr. Dallas's style is its vulgarity. Here it leaves nothing to be desired. There seems, in fact, to be in his brain, what his friends the older philosophers would have called a *nisus formativus* of vulgarity. In this way only can we account for "grig," "Snooks," and similar slang which is constantly meeting us, and such vulgarisms, as "bottling theories," and "breaking your jaws with hard words," and "munching apples," all derived, we may observe, from Mr. Dallas's great storehouse of wit and metaphor, the stomach. Mr. Dallas, however, is most offensive when he is personal. Thus he calls Porson, "a kind of Baal, a lord of flies;" and Elmsley "a literary dustman" (vol. i. p. 18). So, too, in the same strain he nicknames his opponents "high-flyers" (vol. i. pp. 4, 5), and "sky-high thinkers" (vol. i. p. 90), and students of natural science "a tribe of Mohawks" (vol. i. p. 49). Now, a Tory of high family, like Lord Cranborne, may just possibly have some supposed grounds for his insolence to his inferiors, but Mr. Dallas can have none for his insolence to his superiors. But even his Creator does not escape him. Mr. Dallas does not scruple to make fierce jests about the dew of Mount Hermon, and the dew of Ben Nevis (vol. ii. p. 190), and to describe the theology of the earlier part of the present century, as representing "the Almighty, as a sempiternal Sam Slick, hard of heart, but of infinite acuteness and softness of sawder" (vol. ii. p. 221). Such revolting language proves not only the coarseness of Mr. Dallas's spiritual feelings, but how impossible it is for him to ever appreciate the delicacy and nobleness of true poetry.

Yet, in some points, we consider Mr. Dallas a most valuable critic. For, by attentively reading his book, a young author may discover in a small compass all the faults of style which he ought to avoid. There is another great charm, too, about Mr. Dallas's writings, that, like all great critics, he shows by example the truth of his teaching. Thus, his remarks upon Shakespeare (vol. i. p. 206) have been previously made by Kingsley, and the conclusions which he draws from the stories about the powers of memory (vol. i. pp. 212, 213) have been also given by Isaac Barrow. Thus we learn from his own pages how Memory is the Mother of the Muses, and that after all Plato may have been right when he said that "All knowledge is but remembrance." In these days, however, for those who have not good memories, a pair of scissors will be found to be an equally prolific mother of the Muses. It would, however, be most unjust to deny Mr. Dallas's originality. He possesses in the highest degree a brilliant vein of Scotch "wut." Thus he talks about "jockeys who ride race-horses, and poets who ride their Pegasus" (vol. i. p. 35), and playfully remarks of the monks that "men who lived in the pluperfect past must have had a pluperfect character" (vol. ii. p. 269). We would, however, taking into consideration the title of his work, remind Mr. Dallas of Voltaire's advice—"Une satire doit être piquante et gaie."

Here we must stop. We had marked a number of passages for comment—blunders in metaphysics, as when Mr. Dallas talks about "unconscious thought" (vol. i. p. 201); blunders in natural history, as when he says that salmon are able to change their colour with the bed over which they swim (vol. i. p. 278)—Mr. Dallas's metaphysics are Scotch, and his natural history Irish; mere bombast, as when he says, "Pain is the shadow of pleasure" (vol. i. p. 113)—he might as well have said, "folly is the shadow of

wisdom;" inconsistencies, such as "that the mind never forgets" (vol. i. p. 211): how comes it then that Mr. Dallas has forgotten so much, or has he been always in his present state of ignorance?—and even bad grammar, as when he speaks about "them ships" (vol. i. p. 71), all going to prove that in Mr. Dallas's case "la critique est aisée, et l'art est difficile." Here is a promising field, which might be indefinitely extended. But space fails us. We cannot, however, help remarking upon the main point, that Mr. Dallas, following out his doctrine of pleasure, enters not only into a defence of sensation novels (vol. ii. pp. 285, 293), but of a fast life (vol. ii. p. 39). We would, however, briefly remind him that a fast life generally springs from weakness of will and badness of heart, and lastly, that his theory of pleasure, advocated after his fashion, will assuredly in the end not bring tears of happiness but of sorrow, and that its joy will be that of wild asses, and its paradise that of fools.

To one more point we must call attention. In his preface, Mr. Dallas admits that some portions of his work have previously appeared; but he continues,—“they are so few in number, and having been rewritten, are so altered in form, that it would have been difficult, and it seemed to be needless, to introduce them with the usual marks of quotation” (Preface, p. vi.). About this the reader can judge for himself:—

“Bartholin declared that ailments, chiefly the falling sickness, were curable by rhymes. Dr. Serenus Sammonicus offered to cure a quartan ague by laying the Fourth Book of Homer's ‘Iliad’ under the head of the patient; and Virgil was once believed to be an excellent fortune-teller. . . . The Troubadour gave to his calling the name of El Gai Saber, the Gay Science; to suppose, however, that gravity of purpose may not exist under gaiety of mien is to imitate the poor satyr, who was so greatly puzzled to understand how a man could blow hot and cold with one and the same mouth. The avowed object of the poet is pleasure” (“Poetics,” pp. 272, 273).

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Snails reproduce their horns, and lizards their tails. But Mr. Dallas is more economical than snails and lizards. He reproduces his horn and tail not with new, but with the old material. Thus to take another specimen—and we can only afford room for a short one:—

“Eurydice, our greatest joy, goes back to Hell, if Orpheus-like, we dare to turn and look at her; and all our joys are like those little creatures that, whenever they are watched, roll themselves into a ball and pretend to be dead” (“Poetics,” pp. 38, 39).

“Eurydice, our greatest joy, goes back to Hell, if Orpheus-like, we turn to look at her; and all our joys are somewhat like those shy creatures that, whenever they are watched, roll themselves into a ball and pretend to be dead” (“The Gay Science,” vol. ii. p. 133).

And so we could go on multiplying instances. Just as poets repeat their favourite lines, so Mr. Dallas repeats his favourite paragraphs. Or, perhaps, he supposes that half the world doesn't read what the other half writes. We do not, of course, quarrel with him for repeating his own words, but for the statement in his preface. In the body of our review we have shown *quid hic abest nisi res*, and, now at the close, we must add, *et veritas*.

MORE CHILDREN'S BOOKS.*

WE have not the last census at hand, but it seems to us there must be an enormous increase of population. If the number of children in England is at all proportionate to the number of books provided for them this Christmas, we should advise all prudent people to betake themselves to the colonies. This country, it is certain, will not hold so many as are here counted on by enterprising publishers. A head, moreover, is required for reading, and every head has a mouth. The country can never feed so many mouths. Yet it will be a sad state of things if the publishers have miscal-

* Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. Illustrated by Tenniel. Macmillan.

Off Land's End Homeward Bound. By Walter Reid. Griffin & Co.

The Village Idol. By Mrs. Henry Mackarness. George Routledge & Sons.

My Father's Garden. By Thomas Miller. Same Publishers.

Hollowell Grange. By George Manville Fenn. Same Publishers.

The Child's Natural History. By A. S. Bond. Same Publishers.

Ernie at School. By Mrs. Eiloart. Same Publishers.

The Children of Blessing. By the Author of "The Four Sisters. Same Publishers.

The Child's Coloured Gift Book. With 100 Illustrations. Same Publishers.

Routledge's Scripture Gift Book. With 96 Illustrations. Same Publishers.

The Child's Coloured Scripture Book. With 100 Illustrations. Same Publishers.

The Maiden of the Iceberg. A Tale in Verse. By Selina Gaye. Saunders, Otley, & Co.

The Princess Ilse. A Fairy Tale. Same Publishers.

Shifting Winds. A Tough Yarn. By R. M. Ballantyne. Nisbet & Co.

Station Dangerous. By O. F. T. Same Publishers.

The Story of Jesus in Verse. By Edwin Hodder. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder,

culated, and have issued more books than the demand warranted. How to escape from this dilemma seems a difficult question. But we are in an almost worse dilemma, for we have sixteen works before us, and we must do justice to them in two columns. Such a task is always hard, and now it is impossible. The first book here ought to have two columns to itself, as the most wonderful, delicious, and impossible piece of nonsense ever written. It is the story of a little girl who sees a rabbit taking a watch out of its waistcoat pocket, and follows it down its hole into Wonderland. And as soon as Alice gets there she begins to eat things and drink things, and to become alternately a giantess and a pigmy. One time she opens like a telescope and is taken for a serpent, another time she is as small as a mouse and is nearly drowned in a pool of tears of her own weeping. Then she gets into the house of the rabbit and grows suddenly so as almost to fill it. The rabbit himself and his Irish gardener are knocked over into a cucumber frame; a lizard, which is sent down the chimney, is sent up into the air like a sky-rocket by a kick from Alice's foot which is in the fireplace, and then Alice dwindles away again till she can hide behind a thistle. After that she makes the acquaintance of a baby which turns into a pig, and a Cheshire cat which melts into thin air, leaving its grin behind it; of a March-hare and a hatter; of the Queen of Hearts, who plays croquet with hedge-hogs for balls and live flamingoes for mallets; of a mock-turtle with the head and feet of a calf, which dances a lobster quadrille; and of a trial by jury under a despotic Government. All these things are illustrated by Mr. Tenniel as if he had gone down the rabbit-hole with Alice. They are interspersed with the most heretical parodies of nursery rhymes, such as—

" 'You are old, Father William,' the young man said,
And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?
'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son,
'I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.' "

If our readers are not afraid of an over-dose of laughter injuring their brain, we strongly recommend them "Alice's Adventures." The more we look at the book the more firmly are we convinced that it has a much longer lease of life before it than any of its competitors, and that the humour, both refined and broad, of text and pictures, will survive in the memory of the rising generation till it has become the declining generation.

The volume called "Off Land's End" contains some short stories strung together by one of those arbitrary threads brought in fashion by Mr. Dickens. There are good points in some of the stories, but they are unequal; the fun is sometimes strained, and the seriousness overstrained. Mrs. Henry Mackarness is better known as the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," and "The Village Idol" is a tale of one who has long set traps of that sort, and is now surrounded with sunbeams. "My Father's Garden," by Mr. Thomas Miller, is the story of a young market gardener in the neighbourhood of Battersea, whose trade is spoiled and whose plot of ground is swallowed up by the introduction of railways. However, he perseveres in spite of these difficulties, and comes in time to get a more certain and more profitable employment. We can safely recommend Mr. Manville Fenn's "Hollowdell Grange" both to London boys and country boys. A London boy goes to spend his holidays with some cousins in the country; learns how to fight, fish, climb, swim, drown; gets lost in a wood, takes wasps' nests, plays tricks, and behaves himself generally like a decent and respectable member of society. When we say that a pike of nineteen pounds is caught in the course of the story we have done enough to attract the attention of all boys who love fishing. And as for boys who do not love fishing, we do not believe in their existence. If there are any such, they ought to be set down to read "The Child's Natural History, in words of four letters," which comes next on our list. We do not mean by this to be disrespectful to our four-lettered friend, for we have no doubt children will derive great benefit from its pages. But there is one word in four letters which we are sure will be applied to all boys who do not appreciate the frolics recorded in "Hollowdell Grange," and that word is "muff." Appropriately enough our next book is called "Ernie at School," and gives the best possible specimen of a boy who deserves that name. Ernie is an unmitigated muff. But how comes he to run away and take a passage to New Zealand as a sort of nursemaid to an Irish emigrant family? Idle boys always want to run away from school, but they manage to be caught just when they are about to fall into worse trouble, and the flogging they get is the lesser of two evils. We must take this voyage in an emigrant ship *cum grano*, but still the telling of it is ludicrous enough. All the scenes in Ernie's schooling are ludicrous, from his getting into the housekeeper's room at night and drinking her glass of gin toddy to his riding behind a lady in a phaeton and letting the large umbrella bump against her till she thinks her footman is tipsy. The escape of the two truant boys from the room where they were locked up awaiting the doctor, and the way in which four little pigs, stolen from the doctor's sty, are substituted for the boys and discovered by their owner, are related most dramatically. Mrs. Eiloart has shown that as much may be made out of the life of a muff as Mr. Manville Fenn has made out of the lives of thorough pickles. There is more professed adventure in "Shifting Winds," which calls itself a tough yarn, and is a little too tough to be unravelled. But the

last two stories have rather spoilt us for anything that has not qualities of a very high order.

We must begin a new paragraph, and enter a more serious vein when we come to the next books on our list. "The Children of Blessing" is the name given to some short stories, which, though generally sad, possess great merits. We may say the same of "Station Dangerous," which comprises three stories—the scene of the first being laid in Central Australia, that of the second in North America, and that of the third in the Ballarat diggings. Perhaps the second story reminds us a little too much of Captain Marryat's "Settlers in Canada," and the third of Mr. Henry Kingsley's "Geoffrey Hamlyn." But we are sure the reminiscence is not intentional on the part of the author. How difficult it is to write of any country without treading in the steps of an earlier discoverer! How difficult to put anything before a critic which he will admit to be new! At least, we admit the interest of the three stories, and we own that they might remind us of worse models. "The Maiden of the Iceberg," for instance, is evidently founded on Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and Longfellow's "Hiawatha" is one of those original pieces which do not bear repetition. We are in a familiar land when we read of—

" King Nevado,
King of Frost and Snow and Iceberg,
And the Sun, the source of glory,
King of Love and Light and Brightness,
King of Life and Love and Glory; "

and

" Are you not the handsome stranger,
Are you not the noble stranger,
Mervarid, the child of Sunbeams,
Son of Light and Love and Brightness? "

If we had not patience to read any further than this, we may fairly claim to be excused. We must not turn so quickly, but far more respectfully, over the pleasant pictured pages of the "Princess Ilse," a translation from the German of a popular version of a familiar legend. But why is the German "Ilse" turned into a French "Ilsée" for an English public? This is nearly as bad as the habit some people have of translating Goethe's "Gretchen" into "Marguerite." A writer in last month's *Fraser* committed a still more absurd blunder by calling Haym's "Preussische Jahrbücher" "Les Annales Prussiennes de R. Haym." One would think English translators used French cribs—but this has nothing to do with children's books. Happy age while cribs are still used for sleeping, and are not short cuts to learning. For this age, the little books that remain are clearly intended. A child must be very young to appreciate Messrs. Routledge's coloured gift-book and coloured Scripture Alphabet. The colours of both are what Mr. Bumble called strong and healthy; there can be no doubt about them, and the drawing is of the same vigorous character. It is unfortunate that the Scriptural alphabet should be even more open to this objection than the secular alphabet. The picture of Noah reminds us of the riddle about the place where the first nail was struck into the Ark, rather than of anything of a more solemn kind connected with the Flood. And Pharaoh seems to have been taken bodily out of the Crystal Palace, colours and all. Mr. Hodder's "Story of Jesus in Verse" does not indeed present the same features, but it seems too long and too monotonous to attain its object. It is true that "children love a jingle of words," and "are attracted and fascinated by the mere musical sounds" of "poems quite beyond their comprehension." But Mr. Hodder's poems are not sufficiently beyond the comprehension of children to fascinate them, and are not rich in mere musical sounds. We hope we may be mistaken. After all, children do sometimes read and remember what we think they must find dull and unintelligible, and though Mr. Hodder is neither dull nor unintelligible, his book is not the one we should expect to find a favourite with children. If his experience is different, we are ready to retract our censure.

FOLK LORE OF THE NORTHERN COUNTIES.*

COMPARATIVE mythology, like all the other sciences of comparison, is peculiarly the growth of the present century and the analytical spirit of our age. Like comparative philology, we owe its systematic development to the unwearying industry, the precision and acuteness of German scholarship. But, though the great name of Grimm will ever remain the most conspicuous on the roll of comparative mythologists, England has contributed largely to the advancement of the science. If we have borrowed scientific systems from the Continent, we have worked independently and vigorously in the accumulation of materials. Unfortunately, the labourers entered almost too late upon the harvest. Educational influences, the progress of intercommunication, the growth of manufactures, and countless other causes, have conspired to indurate the popular mind against superstition. Legends and customs, the detritus of old religions and habits of thought, have been cleared away in great part by the advance of knowledge. It is to be regretted that we have lost in part the opportunity of gathering from these deposits of the past the valuable matter; it is therefore the more important that every means should be taken to collect what remnant may still linger throughout England of the popular superstitions of former times. We can hardly over-

* The Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders. By Wm. Henderson. With Appendix by S. Baring-Gould, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

estimate their value as throwing a light on history and sociology ; and it is but too likely that the greater portion will perish with the present generation of Englishmen.

For these reasons we set a higher value on such works as that of Mr. Henderson than the literary merit and interest of the book could in themselves fairly claim. It is probable that much of the most striking matter here set forth by Mr. Henderson would have been unattainable by him were it not for a "treasure," as he calls it, on which he lighted in the course of his researches into the "Folk Lore," the legends and superstitious observances, that is, of the North of England. This "treasure" was a collection of the folk lore of the Borders, made "by a young medical student of the name of Wilkie, residing at Bowden, near Eildon Hall." It was compiled at the request of Sir Walter Scott, about half a century ago, to assist him in a favourite project of his, which the misfortunes of his later years prevented him from carrying into execution—a complete history of the social life of the Border Land. This compilation of young Wilkie's Mr. Henderson found in manuscript, but in a state of confusion and disarrangement unfitting it for publication. He did unquestionably the best thing he could do with it, he amalgamated Wilkie's material with the results of his own long and patient investigations and the contributions of antiquarian friends. The whole, in the volume before us, takes a fairly presentable and interesting form, though there is certainly ample room for improvement, especially by compression and a more systematic arrangement.

The traces of an elementary worship are, it would seem, to be more distinctly observed in the superstitions of Northern than those of Southern Europe. And we find that the case is nearly the same if we look more closely at different districts of the same country. Wherever Nature shows herself to man in her ruder and sterner aspects we are sure to meet with relics of the most ancient forms of religious belief, that peopled earth and air and waters with elementary deities. A fairy mythology is the inevitable growth of such a country as the land between the Humber and the Tweed ; in a dull, flat country, like the Bedford Level, for example, it could not live. The mountains, lakes, and waterfalls, the long stretches of unpopulous moorland, the wild and rapid rivers of the North country, make a true fairy land—not the region of flowers and sunshine, in which a cultured imagination would place the home of the fairies. It is not very easy to select from Mr. Henderson's collection any brief narrative ; but the difficulty arises, not from the deficiency but from the superfluity and amplitude of matter. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that on Witchcraft, in which, even at the present day, it would appear, there are adepts in the North country. The following anecdote, communicated to Mr. Henderson by the Rev. H. B. Tristram, occurred in the southern part of the county of Durham :—

"In November of this year (1861) I was sent for by a parishioner, the wife of a small farmer, who complained that she had been scandalized by her neighbours opposite, who accused her of witchcraft. These neighbours had lost two horses during the last year, and therefore consulted 'Black Willie' at Hartlepool, who assured them that they had been bewitched. Acting on his advice, they adopted the following means for discovering the witch. Having procured a pigeon and tied its wings, every aperture in the house, even to the keyholes, was carefully stopped, and pins were run into the pigeon whilst alive by each member of the family so as to pierce the poor bird's heart. The pigeon was then roasted, and a watch kept at the window during the operation, for the first person who passed the door would of course be the guilty party. The good woman who appealed to me had the misfortune to be the first passer-by, and the family were firmly convinced she had exercised the 'evil eye' upon the dead horses, though she was a comely matron, not yet fifty years of age. This happened in a village close to the River Tees."

It was lucky for this "comely matron"—which character, by the way, is not at all inconsistent, as the narrator hints above, with skill in sorcery, witness the Lady of Buccleuch in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"—that her lot was not cast a couple of centuries earlier, when she might have paid at the stake for her neighbour's credulity, or even a century earlier, when an act of domestic justice might have sunk her in the nearest horsepond. We are somewhat surprised, however, to hear that the injured persons took no measures to baulk the malice of the witch. They might at least have resorted to the easy expedient recorded in another part of his book by Mr. Henderson, namely, to draw blood *above the mouth* of the suspected witch or wizard. A story is told of a farmer who, irritated at constant losses of stock, fixed upon a servant of his own as the enemy. He took early occasion to quarrel with this lad, and, rushing at him, to scratch and draw blood from his nose ; on which, it is satisfactory to learn, the power of the "evil eye" ceased to operate.

Another interesting chapter in the local mythology of the North—more strictly mythological indeed than the stories of witchcraft—is that relating to "worms." By "worm," in the language of folk lore, is not meant an insect of the vermicular sort, but a dragon. The word, in fact, was used in the mediæval period to signify any monster, especially of the creeping kind ; Mr. Henderson quotes Dante, who speaks even of Cerberus as *Il gran vermo inferno*. It would appear that almost every district in the Northern counties and the Borders has its own legend of a worm, usually not greatly differing from the description of the "Dragon of Wantley" :—

"This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder ;
With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder."

He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four-and-fourty teeth of iron,
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ."

Down to the year 1826, the manors of Sockburn and Pollard, in the county palatine of Durham, were held by a tenure which had reference to these legends of worms. On the entry of the Bishop (Count Palatine) into his diocese, the Lord of the Manor of Sockburn met him on Croft-bridge, on the River Tees, and presented him with a falchion, accompanied with the following address :—

"My Lord Bishop, I here present you with the falchion wherewith the champion Con-yers slew the worm, dragon, or fiery flying serpent, which destroyed man, woman, and child ; in memory of which the king then reigning gave him the manor of Sockburn, to hold by this tenure, that upon the first entrance of every bishop into the county this falchion should be presented."

The ceremonial in the case of the manor of Pollard varied little from this. The legends of the Worm of Lambton and the Worm of Spendleton Heugh are very good specimens of this form of myth, but they are too long for transcription. Mr. Henderson appears to consider the dragon-legends of the North country a peculiar type. We cannot see any difference, save in the setting, between these and the dragon myths of the Continent and even of the earlier Greek superstitions.

It has been a point of much uncertainty how the notion of a dragon, which is clearly only a distortion of a serpent, grew up in England, where serpents of any considerable size have not in historical times been discovered. Sir Walter Scott and others have supposed that at a period of remote antiquity the marshes and forests of North Britain were the homes of immense water-snakes, which disappeared before the advance of man. This may have been the case. But the dragon-myth may also have arisen merely from an imaginative exaggeration of the characteristics of the small serpents still common in this country. Or the idea may have been imported from the Germanic sources of the English race ; it is quite certain that at the commencement of the Christian era the forests of Central Germany were infested with reptiles of great size, of which no traces are now to be found in Europe.

We have scarcely space to notice Mr. Baring-Gould's appendix to Mr. Henderson's work. It seems an unsatisfactory production, entirely uninteresting to the reader who is ignorant of the principles of comparative mythology, and entirely unsatisfactory to the scientific student. Mr. Henderson's materials will no doubt be found very valuable by succeeding inquirers, but we really cannot see what useful purpose Mr. Baring-Gould's collation of "Story Radicals," incomplete and meagre as it is, is designed to fulfil.

DR. GOULBURN ON THE TWO DEACONS.*

DR. GOULBURN has here written rather a good religious book, and full of much instruction ; but we doubt that it will please all his readers, or that it will be found always consistent with itself. In its design it is an expository review of the acts of the only two deacons of the infant Christian Church, St. Stephen and St. Philip, of whose ministrations anything is recorded in Scripture, but occasional observations and inferences are interspersed which add to its interest and invite criticism. One of these, suggested by the account of the institution of the seven deacons, touches the question of Church government, or rather, that of the self government of the State Church of England. In his proper sphere of preacher and expounder of Scripture Dr. Goulburn can hardly be excelled ; but when he descends from that position to debate this half-political, half-religious question, he manifests the common weakness of ecclesiastics, who think that all Church authority should be vested in themselves. He has been tempted to hurl a very weak lance at the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, and at all ecclesiastical law "crystallized," as he describes it, and "interpreted by jurists." It is not in good taste to speak of the great judges of England as men as to whom we "have no guarantee that they have even read the Bible." Nor is it consistent to complain of the formularies of the Church being hopelessly "crystallized," and that the "voice of the Church can only be heard in the Thirty-nine Articles and Book of Common Prayer," when it is so well known that from the days of Charles II. to within a few years ago it was the clergy who persistently resisted proposals, often made, of change in these documents in order to suit them to the progress of the times. Dr. Goulburn wants the Church to have more "vitality," and that, he would give her by having "her voice heard" in other ways than those of her formularies ; but in practice, what would this amount to but the setting up an arbitrary ecclesiastical tribunal to tyrannize over the laity ? There can be no mistake as to his meaning, for he distinctly states that the authority should be *ecclesiastical*. No opinion could be expressed more clearly than is the following :—

"In every true Church there should be a legislative ecclesiastical authority, properly representing the spiritual headship of Christ, whose province it should be to decide questionable points of doctrine, to regulate ceremonies, to censure and suppress heresies, and to adapt both the ritual and organization of the Church to the ever-new wants of the age. Such an authority in design and intention, though by no means yet in power, is the Convocation of the English Church."

* The Acts of the Deacons. A Course of Lectures. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, F.D. London : Rivingtons.

These words speak for themselves as to the power at which the ecclesiastics of the day are aspiring—power both legislative and executive centred in one clerical body—the regenerated “Convocation of the English Church,” or rather, as Dr. Goulburn should have said, the “Convocation of Canterbury,” for there is no national assembly bearing that name.

We turn now to another part of this volume, where the author, with great courage, utters sentiments which a few years ago would have been cried down as rank heresy. The question is the vexed one of Inspiration, which, in the course of one of his lectures on St. Stephen's speech, is brought under consideration by the statements made therein contradicting the Book of Genesis. We almost imagine we are reading Professor Jowett as we come across a sharp denunciation of Bibliolatry, and find it called a “false reverence for Holy Scripture, sure to engender gross irreverence.” It is an ugly word, Bibliolatry, but Dr. Goulburn does not mince the matter. “Christians,” he tells us, “have made claims for the Bible which the Bible has never made for itself.” But more than that—“Very much as the Romanists have deified the bread and wine of the Eucharist, the Protestants have deified the Bible; and said of it, not ‘this is an unerring guide to a knowledge of God's will and the way of salvation,’ but ‘This Book is God.’”

It would not be easy to use stronger language in condemnation of an error; but what will the extreme Evangelicals, who believe that every verse, word, syllable, and letter of Scripture is the dictation of the Spirit, say to it? Dr. Goulburn is clearly at war with that section of the Church. But, then, what is his notion of inspiration? We cannot see that, in the end, it amounts to anything less than the view taken by the Judicial Committee of Privy Council in the case of “Essays and Reviews,” namely, that “Scripture contains inspired truth.” First of all, in Dr. Goulburn's opinion, “Inspiration is not dictation”—this disposes of verbal infallibility. But, secondly, inaccuracies may affect statements of fact found in Scripture, such as, for instance, in the discrepancy between St. Stephen's speech and Genesis as to the burial-place of Jacob. In this case, one or other of the two Scripture authorities has erred; but inspiration is not affected by the mistake—“it does not reside in the mere outward expression, but in the idea expressed.” But which are the inspired ideas, and which uninspired? Dr. Goulburn clearly is of opinion that some Scripture ideas are *not* inspired. “Inspiration,” he says, “consists with such apparent inaccuracies as do not in the least affect the ideas to be conveyed, or the *great scope of the passage*.” It has been said that language was intended to conceal thought, and it would have done so in this quotation, but for the addition of the alternative, the words of which we have italicized. The final concession the author is prepared to make lies there. All we have to do, then, when we want to know to what extent a particular Scripture is inspired, is to determine “the great scope of the passage.” That being done, the inspiration is held in a nutshell—such is Dr. Goulburn's theory.

Among other questions of interest in this volume is the relation of creeds to Scripture, as to which, in our opinion, the author shows too great a disposition to exalt the authority of the Church, and exaggerate the value of confessions of faith. The proposition that “the Bible is not an original teacher of truth” is highly objectionable, for in its most natural sense it is untrue, and, in any other, it is certain to be misunderstood. That it is “the criterion of truth” he acknowledges; but looking at Scripture only in that point of view is apt too much to foster the notion that the Bible is something to be kept in secret, and used only on special occasions. It is nearer truth to look on it as *the* teacher, and on creeds as human summaries of its instructions.

NEW NOVELS.*

“ARCHIE LOVELL,” though not a book that will bear to be criticised by a high-art standard, is nevertheless one that will hold its own on comparison with any recent novel of its class. The author intended it to be very amusing, and she has carried out successfully her intention. It is useless to quarrel with her on the ground that her aim has been no higher than to amuse. In the craft of popular-novel writing success justifies all; and the success here is assured. Something more, however, is due to Mrs. Edwards,—the acknowledgment that, in several respects, this, her latest work, is, on the whole her best. There are plenty of faults in it—faults of style, carelessness of execution; yet there is a healthier tone and a clearer insight into character, than she has hitherto exhibited. What is most enjoyable in the story is its freshness. The heroine is, in a small way, a creation, and stands out with a roundness and individuality rarely or never presented in the stock-in-trade characters of the hack novelist. Archie Lovell is the antitype, in point of development, of Becky Sharpe. Springing from the midst of closely analogous social influences—from the heart of what is called Bohemian society, in fact—and, while outraging all the accepted notions of “respectability,” she preserves unblemished the characteristics of a perfectly guileless nature. Mrs. Edwards has been very happy in the means she has used to make this clear to her readers without running into exaggeration. With the knot of respectables, with whom Archie is

brought into contact at the outset of the story, she has not done so well, her drawing being mostly of caricature. It is in connection with this group of characters here referred to that some of the most faulty writing in the three volumes is also to be found. The picture of the society of Monteville, or, as we may understand, of Boulogne, is overdone; the sham respectability of the personages introduced as typical of the English dwellers at Monteville wants reality; being what they are, these persons are too respectable, and overplay their parts inconceivably. Their affected susceptibilities are too greatly outraged by Archie's sins against the proprieties. For the most part, these sins are of a venial kind, consisting, for example, of smoking cigarettes in public, walking out in her father's coat and hat, and sitting on the top of a garden-wall in a way not usual with young ladies reared out of the pale of Bohemia. Archie is the granddaughter of an English earl, and her father is a poor clergyman, who finds it in many ways convenient to live out of his native country. She is a sort of wild filly, full of life, grace, and untrained character; perfectly pure-minded, she delights in doing all sorts of things which the proper-minded about her tell her she ought not on any account to think of doing. She calls such proper-minded persons Philistines, and makes war upon their opinions with hearty enjoyment. Such a war is, of course, one that cannot be carried on without danger. Circumstances arise which appear to give scandal a conclusive right to condemn the too impulsive girl. We shall not recount the adventures into which her wholly unsuspicious character hurries her. The story is of no interest apart from the characters employed in working it out. On Archie the reader's attention is centred and grows with the progress of her development. Bohemian as she is, she is in the end represented as worthier of respect than any of the respectables against whose notions of propriety she had fought with so much spirit, and the reader will agree with the judgment of the author in her estimate of the natural tendency of the character. The turning-point in the life of this very charming young lady is an escapade striking for its very simplicity. She has, in her frank, unsuspecting, and unreflecting manner, made acquaintance with a gentleman who is about to return to England, and she has gone to the pier-head to see him off. While they are talking, a boat is pulled to the spot where they are standing. Whereupon Archie says:—

“What a nice boat, Mr. Durant! You had better engage it at once to take you on board.”

“There is plenty of time still, unless you wish to get rid of me,” Gerald answered, his eyes fixed upon her face.

“But you could row about a little first. I am sure it would be a great deal pleasanter than waiting here in the sun.”

In after days Gerald often soothed his conscience with the recollection of this remark of Archie's. But for it—but for the childish whim which had prompted it—he had never brought deeper pain than that of saying ‘Good-bye’ to him into her life. He would no more have thought of asking her to accompany him to the steamer than of asking her to accompany him to England. But all through Gerald Durant's life, as through the lives of all weak men, there seemed to run a mysterious chain of accident that bound him, whether he willed or no, to the commission of every sort of foolish and unfortunate action. A fresh link in the chain had been supplied by Archie's last words; and in a minute Gerald turned the new temptation to the very best account, as he always did.

“It really would be much pleasanter. The sea is like glass, and I dare say the air is cool outside the harbour. You never go out in a small boat like this, I suppose?”

“Oh yes, I do, very often,” said the girl promptly. “I row about often with papa; row with my hands—you understand; perhaps that is what makes them so brown.”

“But you would not care to go now? You would not go without your papa? You would be afraid.”

“Afraid! What of? Being drowned?”

“Oh no, Miss Wilson, of—of—” Gerald's eye fell; he did not like to say ‘of what people might think of you, if you went.’

“Of hurting my dress do you mean? Good gracious, no! I should enjoy it of all things; and if you didn't mind, I should just like to run up into the steamer for a moment. I never was in a steamer but once, from Livorno to Civit  Vecchia, and that's so long ago I scarcely recollect it now.”

In another minute the boat was hailed and Miss Lovell, in high glee, ran down the slippery, weed-grown steps at the end of the pier, took the boatman's sunburnt hand, jumped into the boat, Mr. Durant following, and then—then she found herself out alone with him on the transparent, glassy sea, with Monteville, like a place in a dream, lying behind her.

Still obeying the impulsiveness which could not think of harm in what it was doing, she goes on board, and when Gerald finds that the moment has come to say “good-bye,” he finds that the steamer is just starting, and that there are no longer any means of putting Archie on shore. Thus she became scandalous in the eyes of the Philistines of Monteville. Few readers will fail to follow her career from this point with deepened interest, interest justly due to an extremely clever, though faulty, novel.

The absence of artistic skill is very noticeable in “No Easy Task,” but it is not by any means a bad novel. There is absolutely nothing new in it. The story represents only figures brought into a different combination, as in a kaleidoscope. At a ball given in celebration of the coming of age of a young gentleman of fortune, the young gentleman falls in love with a young lady who afterwards, at the solicitation of friends, consents to marry him, and does marry him, without loving him. Soon afterwards she is thrown into the society of a gentleman who is engaged in a similarly

* Archie Lovell. By Mrs. Edwards. Three vols. London: Tinsley, Brothers.
No Easy Task. By Mark Francis. Two vols. London: Skeet.
Hetty Goldworth. By George Macaulay. Two vols. London: Newby.
Love and Duty. By the Author of “Basil St. John.” One vol. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

heartless manner to a young lady, whom, however, he contrives so to offend that she will not complete the matrimonial contract. Whereupon, another young lady tried hard to make scandal concerning the young wife and the released gentleman; mischief is however averted by the convenient death of the husband, who is so much in the way; and in due time—that is at the end of the story—the right couple come together. Readers who feel bound to make the most of their privileges at Mr. Mudie's will, we have little doubt, find many worse novels in their list than "No Easy Task," which has, at least, one positive good quality in excess of most of its compeers—it is one volume shorter.

"Hetty Goldworth" is many shades inferior to the book just noticed. It is just one of those novels that suggest the question: Why was it written—or, if written, why published? A male flirt is about as despicable a character as can easily be pitched upon for the hero of a novel, and about the last in whom readers of ordinary taste or intelligence would be supposed to take any sort of interest. Such a character figures in the story before us, which is unpleasant from beginning to end, and unredeemed by any excellent or literary workmanship.

"Love and Duty" is a one-volume story, pleasant enough to read. There is this peculiarity in it, that it has some love-scenes in unusual places—on the terrace of the Houses of Parliament for example. Some of the characters are amusing, but there is a leaven of caricature that runs through the book and detracts somewhat from its artistic merit.

THE PRINCIPLES OF BANKING.*

It not unfrequently happens that a book divided into two parts is eminently unsatisfactory in the one, and yet good in the other. Mr. Hankey's work is a case in point. Whatever authors, and especially amateur authors, may say, it is always more pleasant to a critic to praise than to condemn. Perhaps this feeling is in no small degree due to the gratitude for having had the opportunity of perusing an amusing or instructive volume. For this reason we prefer to take the second part of Mr. Hankey's compilation first. It deals with the internal management of the Bank of England. He gives in detail a comprehensive view of the mode in which the National Debt is managed, the working of the issue department, and of the banking offices, and the peculiar functions of the Secretary's department. The subject is full of interest and is well treated. While going through the pages we are apt, first of all, to wonder at the magnitude of the transactions carried on, and, secondly, to admire the perfection to which the necessary machinery has been brought. Consider, for example, the payment of the dividends on Government stock. This involves the issue every year of upwards of half a million of warrants (or cheques, as we should call them), and very few except those practically acquainted with this sort of business, can understand the labour that is thus required. If the amount were simply calculated upon sums of £100 or its multiples, or say £10, both the work and risk of loss would be considerably reduced. But, on the other hand, Government stock is held in all kinds of fractional amounts. If a man chooses to buy a pennyworth of consols he can do so, and the transaction will pass as regularly through the bank books as if he had purchased £100,000. It can easily be seen that the balancing the dividend warrants with the total is no simple matter, complicated as it is by the deductions for income-tax. Then there are the wills and administrations to register, about 4,000 a year, 100,000 old books and documents to take charge of, unclaimed-dividend applications to consider, those granted averaging more than 700 per annum, and a mass of other work. For this the Bank receives a Government allowance of £200,000 a year, and also clears about £200 more by savings of odd halfpence in paying the dividends.

The issue department is simple, but there is plenty to do. Every day over 40,000 bank notes are paid in, and these have all to be examined, cancelled, entered in books, marked, and put away for seven years. Of course, the great object is to avoid the payment of forgeries, and, accordingly, fifteen inspectors are specially kept for this purpose. On an average, these officials, allowing for absences, must count and examine at least 3,000 notes a day. Again, the gold weighing room must be worth seeing. In that single office, about 22,000,000 of coins are annually weighed by self-working machines, which are so nicely adjusted as to combine "an accuracy and precision that could not possibly be attained by manual labour."

The description of the banking offices is clear and full, but presents no remarkable points. At the Bank of England this business is done precisely the same as at other banks, except that the regulations respecting the Government account are somewhat cumbersome. This, however, is an invariable characteristic of Governments in general and of our own in particular.

Although the subject is rather dry, Mr. Hankey manages to interest the reader, less perhaps from throwing any novel light on the subject than from the magnitude of the operations he describes. We all know the fascination that is inseparable from the words "millions of pounds sterling." Big figures are sure to attract the multitude, and Mr. Hankey makes the best of his opportunity. At the same time, it is only fair to concede, that he gives us a great deal of solid information put in an attractive form.

* The Principles of Banking. By Thomson Hankey, Esq., M.P. London: Edinburgh Wilson.

So far so good, but there remains the first part of the book to be considered. It turns chiefly upon that vexed question of the currency and its relation to the Bank of England, the causes of monetary panics, and so forth. Mr. Hankey is an admirer of the Bank Charter Act, but entirely fails to prove its value. In point of fact, his sole argument is the old one, that the convertibility of the bank note is thereby secured. He omits, however, to state how that convertibility was affected during the twenty years preceding the passing of the measure, compared with the twenty years since. If the subject is thoroughly examined it is difficult to see how this assumption of perfect convertibility can be maintained. The Bank issues notes repayable in gold on demand to the amount of fifteen millions against the security of stock. Mr. Hankey says that in the event of a run taking place on the Bank, the latter would commence to realize its securities. This reads very well, but any man of business will know that such a process would be entirely out of the question. If a financial crisis should occur on such a scale as to cause a run for gold, all securities, consols included, would be unsaleable at any price. A suspension of cash payments could, in a contingency of this sort, by no conceivable means be avoided. It is satisfactory, however, to know that the calamity is almost impossible. Supposing it likely to occur, the only safeguard would be to issue notes against gold alone. But Mr. Hankey demurs to this. He says "as it was known that the wants of the community in this country were such as to require, for the ordinary trade, from seventeen to twenty millions of Bank of England notes to be always in circulation, the Bank was permitted to make use of, at first fourteen and afterwards of fifteen million pounds of their own notes by investing them in securities, so as to make interest." This is a very roundabout way of putting the question. But assuming its correctness, it is evident that the whole question hinges upon the quantity of notes known to be required for the wants of the community. How does Mr. Hankey know that the present quantity is sufficient. He acknowledges that our ordinary trade has quadrupled since the passing of the Act, and he must know very well that at each of the three crises that have taken place in the interval from 1844 to 1866, the suspension of the Bank Charter has proved the sole and effectual panacea. It is a perfect contradiction to talk about the merits of a measure which, in periods of difficulty, is thrown overboard at once. If the Act is any protection at all it is absurd to discard it when, according to all the arguments of its supporters, it is obviously most necessary.

Our financial writers never seem to be able to comprehend that a nation may get on very well without a Bank Charter Act, and yet maintain the absolute convertibility of the currency. Yet they have an example close by. The working of the Bank of France forms one of those awkward practical illustrations which cannot be got over, and are consequently so irritating. Mr. Hankey is not likely to turn his attention to this part of the subject. We have, over and over again, had great curiosity to see what can be said on the contrast between our own and the French system, but our curiosity is constantly disappointed. Mr. Gladstone certainly attempted a rather feeble and disjointed explanation in the last session, but he necessarily failed, from not having the requisite amount of technical knowledge. We want to hear the opinions of a practical man of business, and we invite Mr. Hankey to deal with the comparison.

SHORT NOTICES.

Diaries.—Letts's *Diary or Bills-due Book, and an Almanack for 1867.* (Letts, Son, & Co.) *The Boy's Own Pocket-Book for the Year 1867.* (George Routledge & Sons.)—Messrs. Letts's diaries appear to be issued in twenty-three different forms; and we have now before us Nos. 8 and 10; the former having a page of ruled paper devoted to each day, and the latter a page to three days. The same amount of information is contained in each of the diaries, and is very considerable. Although it is difficult to point out in what respect either of these books could be improved, we cannot help thinking that more than one page might with advantage be devoted to "memoranda of reference." "*The Boy's Own Pocket-Book*" appears to be very suitable for little fellows. It gives boys a short account of the public schools, and tells them something about their amusements. It is a pity that the contents paging should be in some few particulars inaccurate, and that Orsini's attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French should be put down as occurring in 1851.

The Post Office London Directory, 1867. (Kelly & Co.)—The Sixty-eighth annual publication of the "Post Office London Directory" has just been issued. The references have all been corrected to a very recent date, and a list of new names and alterations, too late for regular insertion in the body of the work, is prefixed. The proprietor, in a brief preface, refers to the judgment given in the Court of Chancery early in 1866 against a piratical copy of the Directory, and hopes he shall not have again to defend his rights. While, however, the work continues so admirable in all respects, there need not be much fear of a successful rival.

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A Philadelphia paper publishes a letter from Thackeray to an American friend, dated "Neuchâtel, Switzerland, July 21, 1853," good-humouredly satirizing the manners of Americans on the Continent, but speaking in glowing terms of the United States generally.

Mr. Dickens will give a public reading of "Barbox Brothers," and "The Boy at Mugby," at Leeds, in the course of a week or two.

Mr. Alexander Smith, the poet, is said to be dangerously ill.

The *Morning Herald* announces, with regret, that the new Conservative weekly paper, the *Monitor*, which was to have appeared with the New Year, is unavoidably postponed for the present.

We read in the "Table Talk" of the *Guardian*:—"The letters and correspondence of General Ruthven, one of the most able officers in Charles I., are likely ere long to see the light. We understand that the preparation of these letters for the press has been intrusted to Mr. Macray; and that the work will be printed for his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, as his contribution to the Bannatyne Club." The same authority says:—"We hear that with the new year our old friend 'Sylvanus Urban' will inaugurate further changes in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He purposes discontinuing his 'Reports of the Proceedings of Learned Societies,' and the space thus saved will be filled with an historical novel, which will appear as a serial tale."

The copyrights and stock of Mr. S. O. Beeton, sold by auction last week, realized a little more than £19,000. "Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management," with plates, fetched £3,250; and "Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information," £2,500.

The third volume of General Todleben's "History of the Siege of Sebastopol," and the third volume of Mr. Kinglake's "History of the French and British Alliance in the Crimea," will appear in the course of next year.

The Queen has accepted a copy of Sir John Bowring's translation of the Poems of Petöfi, the Hungarian author.

M. Renan, says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, has in the press a new edition of the "Life of Jesus," in which the author answers M. Veuillot's attack upon him, and develops his own theories with much less circumlocution than heretofore.

HACHETTE & Co. have just brought out a book to which present events in the East will give a special interest. It is entitled "L'Ile de Crète: Souvenirs de Voyage," by George Perrot, formerly member of the Ecole Française at Athens.

"L'Athéisme et le Pêril Social" is the title of a work just published by the Bishop of Orleans, in reply to the numerous free-thinking books which have lately appeared in France. His lordship's production has received a very severe handling from the *Journal des Débats*, which says it is greatly disappointed at the insignificance and absurdity of the book after the pomposity with which it has been announced by the clerical papers.

"Vom Fels zum Meer: Vaterländische Gedichte in Chronologischer Folge geordnet, nebst Historischen Einleitungen für Schule und Haus," is the title of a collection of national German poems, in chronological order, published by Dr. Max Remy, at the house of HEINICKE in Berlin.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Alice Thorne. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 All the Year Round. Vol. XVI. Royal 8vo., 5s. 6d.
 Almanack de Gotha, 1867. 32mo., 5s. 6d.
 Argosy (The), 1866. 1 vol. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Babington (E. R.), Hidden Sense: Double Acrostics. Feap., 1s.
 Benham (D.), Notes on the Bohemian Brethren. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Bourne (H. F.), English Merchants. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 24s.
 Boyle's Court Guide, 1867. 12mo., 5s.
 Calm Hour (The). By L. M. M. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Campbell (Lady), A Woman's Confession. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Church of England Magazine (The). Vol. LXL. Royal 8vo., 5s. 6d.
 Claribel's Christmas Book of Sacred Songs and Hymns. Royal 16mo., 3s. 6d.
 Cobbe (Frances P.), Hours of Work and Play. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Daniell (E. R.), Practice of the High Court of Chancery. 4th edit. 2 vols. 8vo., £1. 4s.
 Dickens (C.), Little Dorrit. People's edition. Vol. I. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Dumas (A.), Captain Paul. Cheap edit. Feap., 1s.
 English Cyclopædia, Re-issue.—Geography. Vol. II. 4to., 10s. 6d.
 Fortune (The) of Fairstone. By R. W. Baddeley. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Gardner (A.), The Cloud and the Beam. Feap., 1s.
 Glum-Glum: a Fairy Romance. Imp. 16mo., 1s.
 Good Child's (The) Coloured Picture Book. Oblong 4to., 5s.
 Herbert (Lady), Impressions of Spain. Royal 8vo., 21s.
 Home Visitor (The). Vol. III. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Hunter (J.), Modern Arithmetic. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Ladies' Treasury (The). Edited by Mrs. Warren. Vol. II. Imp. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Mackay (A. G.), Lexicon of Freemasonry. 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Martineau (J.), Endeavours after a Christian Life. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Meredith (G.), Vittoria. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Metas Letters: a Tale by J. Ensell. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Nautical Magazine (The). Vol. 1866. 8vo., 13s. 6d.
 North (B.), Yes or No. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Original Double Acrostics, by A. A. Y. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Oxenden (Rev. A.), Our Church and Her Services. New edit. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Parkinson (H.) and Simmonds (P. L.), Illustrated Catalogue of Dublin Exhibition, 1865. Imp. 8vo., 21s.
 Peyton (J. L.), The American Crisis. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Platsch (O.), The Three Little Friends. Imp. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Post-Office London Directory, 1867. Royal 8vo., £1. 10s.
 Progress (The) of England: a Poem. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Railway Library.—Handy Andy, by S. Lover. Feap., 2s.
 Ramsay (Dean), Thomas Chalmers: a Biographical Notice. Feap., 1s.
 Reformer's Year Book (The), 1867. Feap., 1s.
 Royal Kalendar (The), 1867. 12mo., 5s.
 Sadler (M. F.), Emmanuel. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Shaw (C.), Leaves from the Book of Life. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Smith (Rev. S.), Sketches of Moral Philosophy. New edit. Feap., 6s.
 Tennyson (A.), Elaine, Illustr. by G. Doré. 2nd edit. Imp. 4to., 21s.
 Thring (H.), Law and Practice of Joint Stock Companies. 2nd edit. 12mo., 10s.
 Traveller's (A) Notes in Scotland, Belgium, &c., 1866. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Trollope (A.), West Indies. 6th edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Tylecote (Rev. T.), Holy Seasons. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Walton (E.), Peaks and Valleys of the Alps. Imperial Folio. £3. 3s.
 Weld (O. R.), Florence, the New Capital of Italy. Cr. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Without a Friend in the World. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Year Book (The) of Photography, 1867. Cr. 8vo., 1s.

heartless manner to a young lady, whom, however, he contrives so to offend that she will not complete the matrimonial contract. Whereupon, another young lady tried hard to make scandal concerning the young wife and the released gentleman; mischief is however averted by the convenient death of the husband, who is so much in the way; and in due time—that is at the end of the story—the right couple come together. Readers who feel bound to make the most of their privileges at Mr. Mudie's will, we have little doubt, find many worse novels in their list than "No Easy Task," which has, at least, one positive good quality in excess of most of its compeers—it is one volume shorter.

"Hetty Goldworth" is many shades inferior to the book just noticed. It is just one of those novels that suggest the question: Why was it written—or, if written, why published? A male flirt is about as despicable a character as can easily be pitched upon for the hero of a novel, and about the last in whom readers of ordinary taste or intelligence would be supposed to take any sort of interest. Such a character figures in the story before us, which is unpleasant from beginning to end, and unredeemed by any excellent or literary workmanship.

"Love and Duty" is a one-volume story, pleasant enough to read. There is this peculiarity in it, that it has some love-scenes in unusual places—on the terrace of the Houses of Parliament for example. Some of the characters are amusing, but there is a leaven of caricature that runs through the book and detracts somewhat from its artistic merit.

THE PRINCIPLES OF BANKING.*

It not unfrequently happens that a book divided into two parts is eminently unsatisfactory in the one, and yet good in the other. Mr. Hankey's work is a case in point. Whatever authors, and especially amateur authors, may say, it is always more pleasant to a critic to praise than to condemn. Perhaps this feeling is in no small degree due to the gratitude for having had the opportunity of perusing an amusing or instructive volume. For this reason we prefer to take the second part of Mr. Hankey's compilation first. It deals with the internal management of the Bank of England. He gives in detail a comprehensive view of the mode in which the National Debt is managed, the working of the issue department, and of the banking offices, and the peculiar functions of the Secretary's department. The subject is full of interest and is well treated. While going through the pages we are apt, first of all, to wonder at the magnitude of the transactions carried on, and, secondly, to admire the perfection to which the necessary machinery has been brought. Consider, for example, the payment of the dividends on Government stock. This involves the issue every year of upwards of half a million of warrants (or cheques, as we should call them), and very few except those practically acquainted with this sort of business, can understand the labour that is thus required. If the amount were simply calculated upon sums of £100 or its multiples, or say £10, both the work and risk of loss would be considerably reduced. But, on the other hand, Government stock is held in all kinds of fractional amounts. If a man chooses to buy a pennyworth of consols he can do so, and the transaction will pass as regularly through the bank books as if he had purchased £100,000. It can easily be seen that the balancing the dividend warrants with the total is no simple matter, complicated as it is by the deductions for income-tax. Then there are the wills and administrations to register, about 4,000 a year, 100,000 old books and documents to take charge of, unclaimed-dividend applications to consider, those granted averaging more than 700 per annum, and a mass of other work. For this the Bank receives a Government allowance of £200,000 a year, and also clears about £200 more by savings of odd halfpence in paying the dividends.

The issue department is simple, but there is plenty to do. Every day over 40,000 bank notes are paid in, and these have all to be examined, cancelled, entered in books, marked, and put away for seven years. Of course, the great object is to avoid the payment of forgeries, and, accordingly, fifteen inspectors are specially kept for this purpose. On an average, these officials, allowing for absences, must count and examine at least 3,000 notes a day. Again, the gold weighing room must be worth seeing. In that single office, about 22,000,000 of coins are annually weighed by self-working machines, which are so nicely adjusted as to combine "an accuracy and precision that could not possibly be attained by manual labour."

The description of the banking offices is clear and full, but presents no remarkable points. At the Bank of England this business is done precisely the same as at other banks, except that the regulations respecting the Government account are somewhat cumbersome. This, however, is an invariable characteristic of Governments in general and of our own in particular.

Although the subject is rather dry, Mr. Hankey manages to interest the reader, less perhaps from throwing any novel light on the subject than from the magnitude of the operations he describes. We all know the fascination that is inseparable from the words "millions of pounds sterling." Big figures are sure to attract the multitude, and Mr. Hankey makes the best of his opportunity. At the same time, it is only fair to concede, that he gives us a great deal of solid information put in an attractive form.

* The Principles of Banking. By Thomson Hankey, Esq., M.P. London: Effingham Wilson.

So far so good, but there remains the first part of the book to be considered. It turns chiefly upon that vexed question of the currency and its relation to the Bank of England, the causes of monetary panics, and so forth. Mr. Hankey is an admirer of the Bank Charter Act, but entirely fails to prove its value. In point of fact, his sole argument is the old one, that the convertibility of the bank note is thereby secured. He omits, however, to state how that convertibility was affected during the twenty years preceding the passing of the measure, compared with the twenty years since. If the subject is thoroughly examined it is difficult to see how this assumption of perfect convertibility can be maintained. The Bank issues notes repayable in gold on demand to the amount of fifteen millions against the security of stock. Mr. Hankey says that in the event of a run taking place on the Bank, the latter would commence to realize its securities. This reads very well, but any man of business will know that such a process would be entirely out of the question. If a financial crisis should occur on such a scale as to cause a run for gold, all securities, consols included, would be unsaleable at any price. A suspension of cash payments could, in a contingency of this sort, by no conceivable means be avoided. It is satisfactory, however, to know that the calamity is almost impossible. Supposing it likely to occur, the only safeguard would be to issue notes against gold alone. But Mr. Hankey demurs to this. He says "as it was known that the wants of the community in this country were such as to require, for the ordinary trade, from seventeen to twenty millions of Bank of England notes to be always in circulation, the Bank was permitted to make use of, at first fourteen and afterwards of fifteen million pounds of their own notes by investing them in securities, so as to make interest." This is a very roundabout way of putting the question. But assuming its correctness, it is evident that the whole question hinges upon the quantity of notes known to be required for the wants of the community. How does Mr. Hankey know that the present quantity is sufficient. He acknowledges that our ordinary trade has quadrupled since the passing of the Act, and he must know very well that at each of the three crises that have taken place in the interval from 1844 to 1866, the suspension of the Bank Charter has proved the sole and effectual panacea. It is a perfect contradiction to talk about the merits of a measure which, in periods of difficulty, is thrown overboard at once. If the Act is any protection at all it is absurd to discard it when, according to all the arguments of its supporters, it is obviously most necessary.

Our financial writers never seem to be able to comprehend that a nation may get on very well without a Bank Charter Act, and yet maintain the absolute convertibility of the currency. Yet they have an example close by. The working of the Bank of France forms one of those awkward practical illustrations which cannot be got over, and are consequently so irritating. Mr. Hankey is not likely to turn his attention to this part of the subject. We have, over and over again, had great curiosity to see what can be said on the contrast between our own and the French system, but our curiosity is constantly disappointed. Mr. Gladstone certainly attempted a rather feeble and disjointed explanation in the last session, but he necessarily failed, from not having the requisite amount of technical knowledge. We want to hear the opinions of a practical man of business, and we invite Mr. Hankey to deal with the comparison.

SHORT NOTICES.

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The *South London Chronicle* publishes a Christmas Supplement, consisting of a translation of a quaint old Andalusian tale, called "The History of a Weathercock: being the wonderful and instructive

legend of Medio-Pollito, translated from the Spanish of Fernan Caballero." The story is accompanied by twenty-one graphotype illustrations, which, though roughly and slightly executed, are not without humour and cleverness.

A Philadelphia paper publishes a letter from Thackeray to an American friend, dated "Neufchatel, Switzerland, July 21, 1853," good-humouredly satirizing the manners of Americans on the Continent, but speaking in glowing terms of the United States generally.

Mr. Dickens will give a public reading of "Barbox Brothers," and "The Boy at Mugby," at Leeds, in the course of a week or two.

Mr. Alexander Smith, the poet, is said to be dangerously ill.

The *Morning Herald* announces, with regret, that the new Conservative weekly paper, the *Monitor*, which was to have appeared with the New Year, is unavoidably postponed for the present.

We read in the "Table Talk" of the *Guardian*:—"The letters and correspondence of General Ruthven, one of the most able officers in Charles I., are likely ere long to see the light. We understand that the preparation of these letters for the press has been intrusted to Mr. Macray; and that the work will be printed for his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, as his contribution to the Bannatyne Club." The same authority says:—"We hear that with the new year our old friend 'Sylvanus Urban' will inaugurate further changes in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He purposes discontinuing his 'Reports of the Proceedings of Learned Societies,' and the space thus saved will be filled with an historical novel, which will appear as a serial tale."

The copyrights and stock of Mr. S. O. Beeton, sold by auction last week, realized a little more than £19,000. "Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management," with plates, fetched £3,250; and "Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information," £2,500.

The third volume of General Todleben's "History of the Siege of Sebastopol," and the third volume of Mr. Kinglake's "History of the French and British Alliance in the Crimea," will appear in the course of next year.

The Queen has accepted a copy of Sir John Bowring's translation of the Poems of Petöfi, the Hungarian author.

M. Renan, says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, has in the press a new edition of the "Life of Jesus," in which the author answers M. Veuillot's attack upon him, and develops his own theories with much less circumlocution than heretofore.

HACHETTE & Co. have just brought out a book to which present events in the East will give a special interest. It is entitled "L'Ile de Crète: Souvenirs de Voyage," by George Perrot, formerly member of the Ecole Française at Athens.

"L'Athéisme et le Pêril Social" is the title of a work just published by the Bishop of Orleans, in reply to the numerous free-thinking books which have lately appeared in France. His lordship's production has received a very severe handling from the *Journal des Débats*, which says it is greatly disappointed at the insignificance and absurdity of the book after the pomposity with which it has been announced by the clerical papers.

"Vom Fels zum Meer: Vaterländische Gedichte in Chronologischer Folge geordnet, nebst Historischen Einleitungen für Schule und Haus," is the title of a collection of national German poems, in chronological order, published by Dr. Max Remy, at the house of HEINRICKE in Berlin.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Alice Thorne. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 All the Year Round. Vol. XVI. Royal 8vo., 5s. 6d.
 Almanack de Gotha, 1867. 32mo., 5s. 6d.
 Argosy (The), 1866. 1 vol. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Babington (E. R.), Hidden Sense: Double Acrostics. Feap., 1s.
 Benham (D.), Notes on the Bohemian Brethren. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Bourne (H. F.), English Merchants. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 24s.
 Boyle's Court Guide, 1867. 12mo., 5s.
 Calm Hour (The). By L. M. M. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Campbell (Lady), A Woman's Confession. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Church of England Magazine (The). Vol. LXI. Royal 8vo., 5s. 6d.
 Claribel's Christmas Book of Sacred Songs and Hymns. Royal 16mo., 3s. 6d.
 Cobbe (Frances P.), Hours of Work and Play. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Daniell (E. R.), Practice of the High Court of Chancery. 4th edit. 2 vols. 8vo., £4. 4s.
 Dickens (C.), Little Dorrit. People's edition. Vol. I. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Dumas (A.), Captain Paul. Cheap edit. Feap., 1s.
 English Cyclopædia, Re-issue.—Geography. Vol. II. 4to., 10s. 6d.
 Fortune (The) of Fairstone. By R. W. Baddeley. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Gardner (A.), The Cloud and the Beam. Feap., 1s.
 Glum-Glum: a Fairy Romance. Imp. 16mo., 1s.
 Good Child's (The) Coloured Picture Book. Oblong 4to., 5s.
 Herbert (Lady), Impressions of Spain. Royal 8vo., 21s.
 Home Visitor (The). Vol. III. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Hunter (J.), Modern Arithmetic. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Ladies' Treasury (The). Edited by Mrs. Warren. Vol. II. Imp. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Mackey (A. G.), Lexicon of Freemasonry. 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Martineau (J.), Endeavours after a Christian Life. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Meredith (G.), Vittoria. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Metas Letters: a Tale by J. Ensell. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Nautical Magazine (The). Vol. 1866. 8vo., 13s. 6d.
 North (B.), Yes or No. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Original Double Acrostics, by A. A. Y. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Oxenden (Rev. A.), Our Church and Her Services. New edit. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Parkinson (H.) and Simmonds (P. L.), Illustrated Catalogue of Dublin Exhibition, 1865. Imp. 8vo., 21s.
 Peyton (J. L.), The American Crisis. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Pletsch (O.), The Three Little Friends. Imp. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Post-Office London Directory, 1867. Royal 8vo., £1. 10s.
 Progress (The) of England: a Poem. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Railway Library.—Handy Andy, by S. Lover. Feap., 2s.
 Ramsay (Dean), Thomas Chalmers: a Biographical Notice. Feap., 1s.
 Reformer's Year Book (The), 1867. Feap., 1s.
 Royal Kalendar (The), 1867. 12mo., 5s.
 Sadler (M. F.), Emmanuel. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Shaw (C.), Leaves from the Book of Life. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Smith (Rev. S.), Sketches of Moral Philosophy. New edit. Feap., 6s.
 Tennyson (A.), Elaine, Illustr. by G. Doré. 2nd edit. Imp. 4to., 21s.
 Thring (H.), Law and Practice of Joint Stock Companies. 2nd edit. 12mo., 10s.
 Traveller's (A) Notes in Scotland, Belgium, &c., 1866. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Trollope (A.), West Indies. 6th edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Tylecote (Rev. T.), Holy Seasons. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Walton (E.), Peaks and Valleys of the Alps. Imperial Folio. £3. 8s.
 Weld (C. R.), Florence, the New Capital of Italy. Cr. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Without a Friend in the World. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Year Book (The) of Photography, 1867. Cr. 8vo., 1s.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

On Saturday, January 5th, 1867, will be published, GRATIS, with "THE LONDON REVIEW," a special and highly interesting SUPPLEMENT, reviewing the Progress of English and Foreign Literature during the Year 1866.

ADVERTISEMENTS received up to Five o'clock on THURSDAY, January 3rd.

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